

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/6



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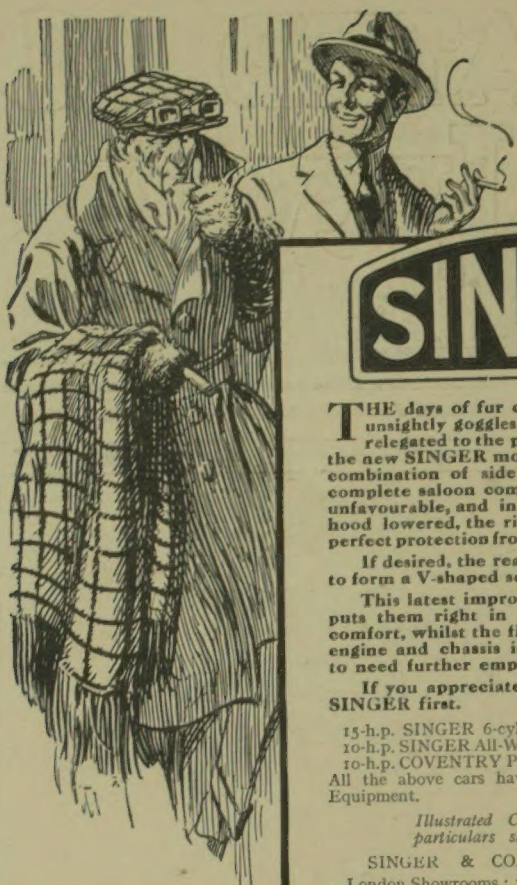
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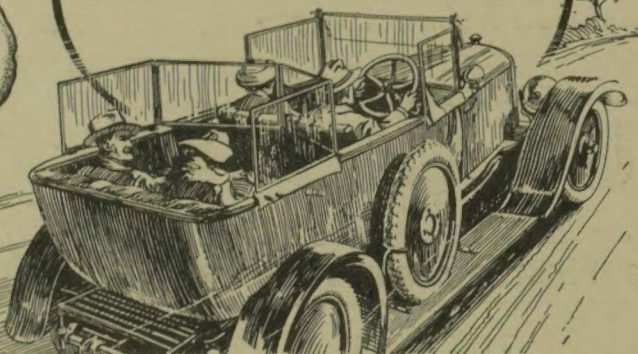
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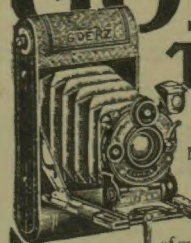


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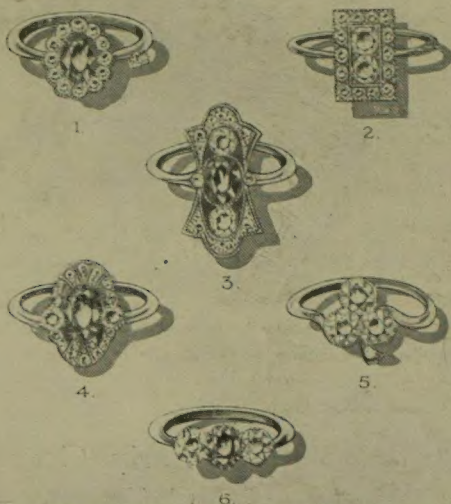
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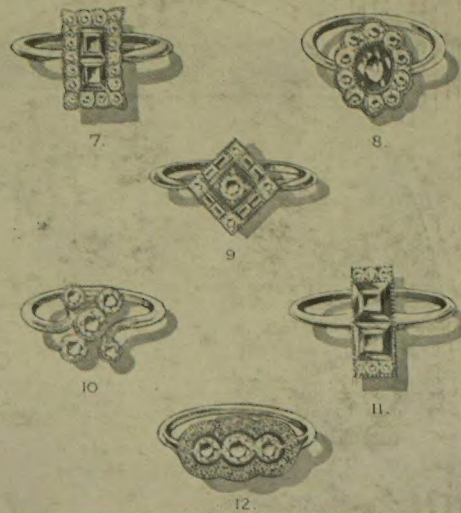
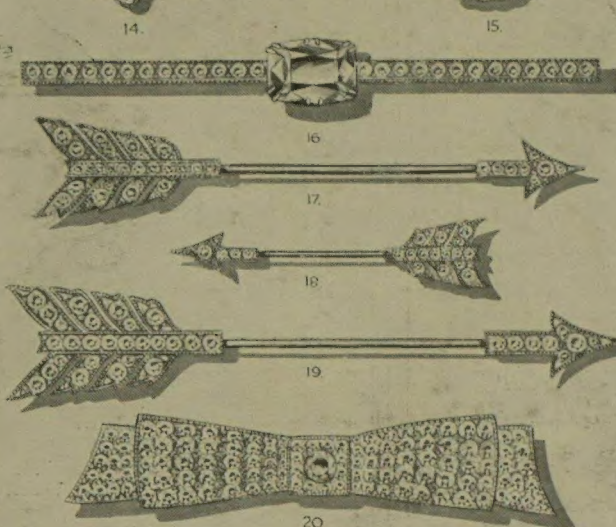
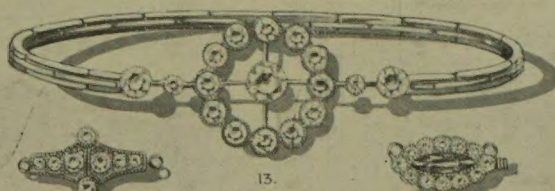
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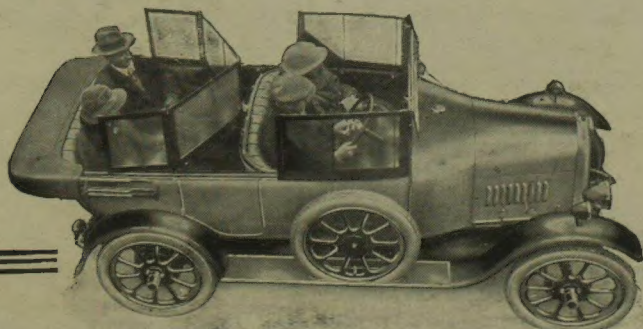
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Summit ^{Quarter Size} collars

Shape 87

THE wide cut-away, with points well under the waistcoat, makes this essentially the collar for wear with the larger knots now so much in favour.

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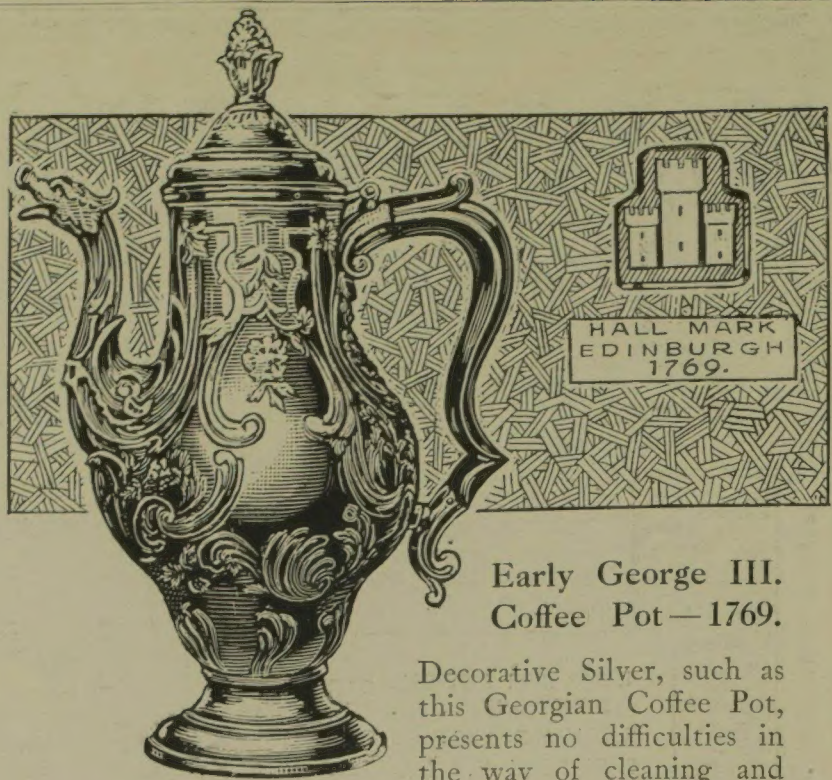
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1923.

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THE FIRST ACTRESS ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT AND THE THIRD WOMAN TO SIT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P. (FORMERLY FAMOUS ON THE STAGE AS MISS MABEL RUSSELL), WITH HER CHILDREN.

Mrs. Hilton Philipson, whose Conservative majority over the Liberal as well as the Labour candidate in the by-election at Berwick-on-Tweed was beyond all expectation, joins Viscountess Astor and Mrs. Wintringham as the third woman to take her seat in the House of Commons. She is also the first actress ever elected as a Member of Parliament in this country. As Miss Mabel Russell, she began her stage career at Daly's Theatre, and shortly afterwards (in 1904) toured in

"Gentleman Joe." In 1907 she was one of the original cast of "The Merry Widow." In 1911 she left the stage on her first marriage, to Mr. Stanley Rhodes, who died from the effects of a motor accident in which she also was seriously injured. Later she returned to the stage, and for a time turned from musical comedy to serious drama. While acting in "London Pride" in 1916, she married Lieutenant (now Captain) Hilton Philipson.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMETTE



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE distinguished cleric called for some reason the Gloomy Dean recently wrote one of his very bright and interesting journalistic articles, with the highly journalistic title of "Labels and Libels." He was inclined, in a general sense, to condemn all labels as being generally libels. And he illustrated this by reviving one of the oldest of libels, the tale of our Christian fathers as cruel persecutors without reason or provocation, and tying on to it one of the oldest and shabbiest and most faded of labels, the name of the Spanish Inquisition. But I am not going to debate with him about these matters in this place. As a matter of fact, the Spanish Inquisition was a very Spanish Inquisition. Its story is meaningless without the military aspect of the long and frightful war with the Moors, and their allies, the Jews. To make it merely theological is like saying that because Mr. Lloyd George is a Nonconformist, therefore the Black-and-Tan terror in Ireland was only the tale of a Puritan persecuting Popery. But, as I say, I am not concerned with that here. What I am concerned with is a curious gap in Dean Inge's interesting argument, which corresponds to a common gap in the modern mind. It is simply this: that while the Dean talks a great deal about religious intolerance and tyranny, it never occurs to him to state his own primary principle of religious toleration and religious liberty. What is the basis of that liberty; and by what test are things tolerable and intolerable? All my instincts are for this liberal ideal; but, unless I am much mistaken, it will soon need to be defined and defended.

In truth, there is a very real problem of religious liberty ahead of us, though most people seem to be strangely blind to it. It arises from the fact that differences are indeed fewer, but are much more fundamental. A Scotch sect might break up into ten sects, and the ten into a hundred sects, but all the sectarians were Scots of the same sort. They all wanted a Scottish Sabbath, with people wearing their blacks, or Sunday clothes. It would have been different if some of them had wanted a Witches' Sabbath, with witches wearing no clothes. Yet there are many modern poets who would prefer and praise the latter festival, as a thing of wild beauty and spiritual emancipation. It would have been different if only one of the hundred Puritan sects had been a Pagan sect. Yet in the speculative schools of our time there are certainly more Pagans than Puritans. If a Scottish village had been only divided into two parties, of the black Puritans and the brazen Pagans, it would have been very difficult to prevent that religious difference from becoming a civil war. Now, what nobody seems to notice is that the new philosophical differences really are of this absolute and abysmal sort. They are disguised from the present merely because a habit of morals remains after a change of faith; sometimes only because a shell of manners remains after a loss of morals. But nobody knows how long this shell of habit will remain. Nobody can really suggest any philosophical reason why it should remain.

In the nineteenth century, five men of different faiths could meet for some charitable object, say to organise a fund for the Red Cross. The group could consist of a Baptist, a Quaker, a Roman Catholic, an Agnostic, and a Jew. Even in that case, and even at that time, the example itself will show that secular impartiality is not so easy as it looks. For, after all, the Red Cross is itself a religious symbol. It is one regarded by many Moslems and (strangely enough) by some Christians as an idolatrous and dangerous symbol. The Moslems have already, I believe, substituted the symbol of the Red Crescent. On the same principle there ought to be a Red Swastika, or Wheel of Buddha, for all Buddhists, and presumably for all Theosophists. The Jews ought to have a Red Shield of David; indeed, a red shield seems eminently appropriate to the race of Rothschild. What symbol the agnostics could have I do not know, unless it were a

red note of interrogation. The fancy opens a pleasing vista of varied emblems, in which the poet could display a red rose and the politician a red herring. But this is merely a parenthetical difficulty; it was not at the time a practical one. The old sects could combine in the service of the Red Cross because they thought alike about the service, whatever they thought about the symbol. They were doing a material act of mercy to the wounded, and that was a thing upon which all the old religions could agree. But the new religions do not agree. The Christian Scientist does not agree with the Christian about material acts of mercy. Some Nietzschean nature-worshippers do not agree with any acts of mercy. Even those extremists who are at the opposite extreme would not agree with those acts under those circumstances. That was, for example, the vital distinction between the old Quaker and the new Conscientious Objector. The

who do agree with them they seem perfectly simple and quite sensible. Anyhow, the conscientious objector of this school would presumably refuse to work for the Red Cross. There might well be another fanatic who had a flatly contrary reason for refusing to work for the Red Cross. He might be an apologist of Prussian War, one who thought it senseless sentimentalism to modify the miseries of warfare at all; one who wished to leave the wounded to die in agonies on the battlefield; one who possibly took a refined and exalted philosophical pleasure in the thought of the tragedy. All these intellectual theses have been advanced in our time. The consequence is that the whole relation of creeds to social activity is altered. The five men summoned to the Red Cross Committee are no longer a Baptist, a Quaker, a Catholic, an Agnostic, and a Jew. They consist of a Christian Scientist, a Nietzschean, a Conscientious Objector, a Devil-Worshipper, and a fundamental sceptic who doubts everything, even his own existence. There is a lack of closeness and grip in their relation to each other and to the practical problem before them. Their differences begin too far back to be dealt with during the committee meeting, in any rapid and business-like manner. Above all, their differences are no longer of the sort that silly people sneer at by calling them theoretical. They are of the sort that even the silliest people must see to be highly practical. Every man has some reason for supporting the Red Cross; and the reason must exist before the action. Therefore it exists in the air and is an abstraction. But the point about the old sects is that, even if their reasons were all different, they were all reasons for supporting the Red Cross. The point about the new philosophies is that they are reasons for not supporting it.

Perhaps in any case there was something transitional and terribly insecure about five different people having five different reasons for doing the same thing. Perhaps in any case it was a compromise that could not last; but anyhow it has not lasted. An entirely new problem arises with differences that affect practice as well as principle. The views of a pessimist about life, the views of a communist about property, the views of a restorer of primeval innocence and simplicity about wearing clothes, were things that were not envisaged by the Victorian liberals who talked about tolerating the expression of all sects and social theories. Nor is it sound to make the distinction between speech and action. A man disbelieving in decency of speech would not be allowed to speak accordingly, any more than a man disbelieving in decency of dress would be allowed to act accordingly. If he started roaring out his realism to a crowd in a tube station, he would (to all appearance) be persecuted for expressing his opinions.

So far from intolerance being a dying thing of the past, it seems to be a very threatening thing of the future. So far from being doomed to disappear, it seems to me very likely to increase. The matter

interests me rather, for I detest the idea of mere dragooning in such matters; indeed, I should detest it even in the extreme cases where I should defend it. But I cannot see that Dean Inge or anybody else has any real philosophy or policy to avert it. In fact, the only well thought-out theory of toleration I ever saw came from a man of the kind the Dean was denouncing; from "Ideal" Ward of the Oxford Movement. It was in the form of a parable about the Mormons; and his theory was this: It is lawful to defend the moral unity of a monogamous state against polygamy, so long as there really is a moral unity to be defended. When the society has once become partly polygamous and partly monogamous, it is only a matter of opinion; and we must not persecute opinion. This, at least, is a theory and hangs together; but those who merely denounce intolerance seem to have no theory at all with which to defend toleration.



THE KING'S AUNT, WHOSE ILLNESS CAUSED THEIR MAJESTIES TO CANCEL THEIR VISIT TO THE DERBY: H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

It was announced on June 5 that, owing to the very grave condition of Princess Christian, his Majesty's aunt, the King and Queen would not attend the Derby, and that the King's dinner to the Jockey Club was also cancelled. The first bulletin regarding Princess Christian's illness, issued on May 30, stated that she had had a heart attack following influenza. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, third daughter and fifth child of Queen Victoria, was born at Buckingham Palace in 1846, and in 1866 married Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. Her elder son, Prince Christian Victor, died in South Africa in the Boer War. During the Great War she worked devotedly for the alleviation of suffering. In her younger days she was known, from her charities, as "Princess of the East End." For many years she was President of St. George's Hospital.—[Photograph by C.N.]

old Quaker would not have objected to repairing the ravages of war; on the contrary, he would have shown, and indeed has shown, a most generous activity in doing so. But in the new school of Pacifists, which sprang up during the Great War, a quite different and quite definite doctrine appeared. Many of the leaders of that strange sect absolutely refused the alternative of ambulance work, on the ground that the cure of the wounded was a renewal and an encouragement of the war. It seems an extraordinary doctrine, that it is wicked of me to mend a man's broken leg because it was wicked of somebody else to break it.

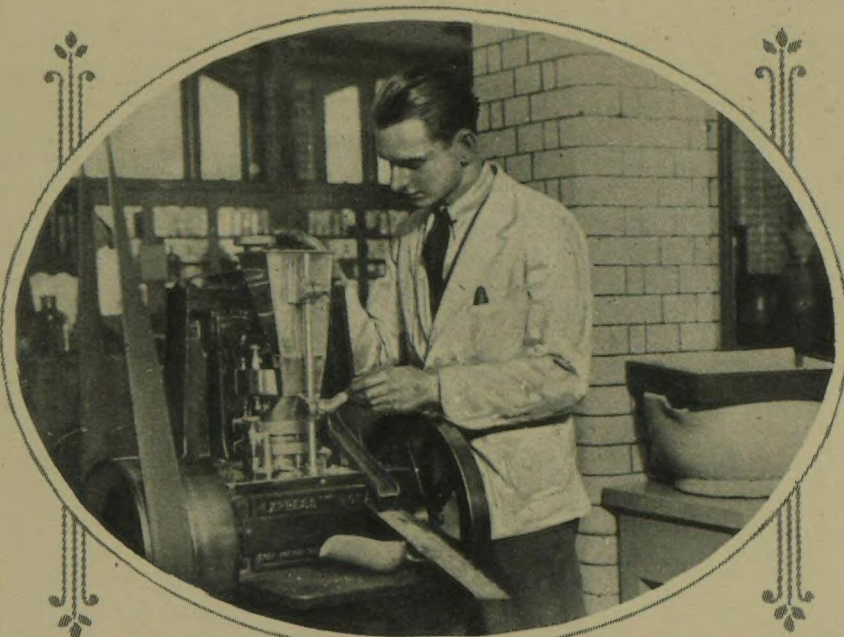
But we are not talking here about whether these are extraordinary doctrines, but about whether they are existing doctrines. Like all other doctrines, right or wrong, they only seem extraordinary to the people who do not agree with them; to the people

"BART'S" WEEK: THE 800-YEAR-OLD HOSPITAL AT WORK TO-DAY.

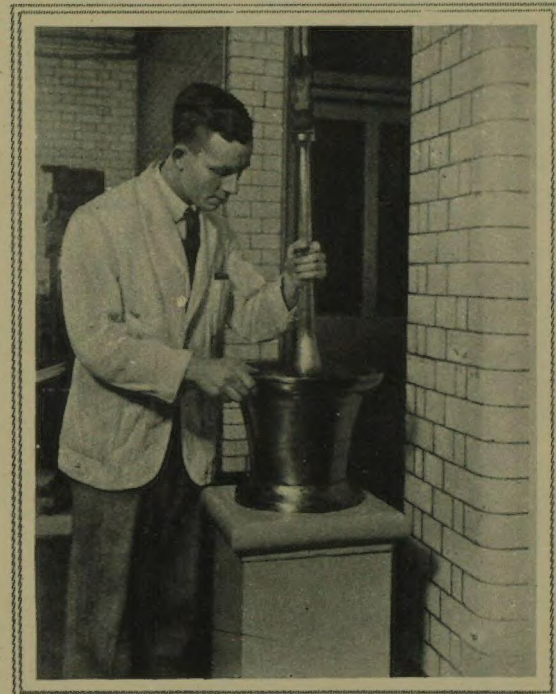
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WHERE TWO TONS OF COTTON WOOL ARE KEPT: A CORNER OF THE GREAT STORE OF DRESSINGS IN ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.



A MECHANICAL "DISPENSER" AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: A MACHINE THAT TURNS OUT MEDICINAL TABLETS BY THE THOUSAND.



OVER 300 YEARS OLD: A FINE PESTLE AND MORTAR OF GUN-METAL STILL USED AT THE HOSPITAL.



DISPENSING ON A BIG SCALE: ONE OF THE HOSPITAL'S HUGE MILLS FOR GRINDING DRUGS.



DIGGING OUT EPSOM SALTS WITH A PICK-AXE: ONE OF THE LARGE BINS AT THE HOSPITAL.



AS BUSY AS A RAILWAY BOOKING OFFICE: THE INTERIOR OF THE DISPENSARY, WITH RACKS OF PILL-BOXES BESIDE THE WINDOWS.



WHERE EACH OUT-PATIENT IS PROVIDED WITH A BOTTLE SUITABLE FOR THE MEDICINE REQUIRED: CHILDREN APPLYING AT THE BOTTLE OFFICE.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital—familiarily known in the medical profession as "Bart's"—began the week of celebrations of its 800th anniversary on Tuesday, June 5, with a service in the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, a "solemnity" in the hospital quadrangle, and a reception at the Guildhall, at which the Prince of Wales arranged to be present. The revival of Bartholomew Fair, which the Lord Mayor arranged to open, in Smithfield, was fixed for June 6, 7 and 8, and for the 9th a cricket match, "Past v. Present," on the hospital ground at Winchmore

Hill. We illustrate here some of the inner workings of the great dispensary at the hospital, which can boast that its doors have never been closed for a single day during the whole eight centuries of its beneficent career. Drugs and dressings are dealt with on a colossal scale. The machine for making medicinal tablets turns them out by the thousand after being filled by a dispenser with the requisite compound. The old pestle and mortar illustrated above, a much-prized possession, was made by Dr. Dover 300 years ago.

NEPTUNE'S "FLOWER" SHOW: PLANT-LIKE CREATURES OF THE SEA-FLOOR THAT RIVAL THE GLORIES OF CHELSEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. SCHENSKY, HELIGOLAND; SUPPLIED BY

DR. H. WEIGOLD, OF THE BIOLOGICAL STATION AT HELIGOLAND.



NAMED AFTER THE PATTERN ON ITS "UMBRELLA": THE COMPASS MEDUSA (*CORYSÆA*). A JELLY-FISH WITH FLOATING VEIL.



A JELLY-FISH LIKE A DAHLIA, AND AS VIVIDLY COLOURED: THE THICK-HORNED SEA-ANEMONE (*CRASSICORNIS*).



LANDLORD AND LOOGER: A SEA-PINK ON A LOBSTER'S BACK—AN INTERESTING CASE OF SYMBIOSIS.



LIKE A BUNCH OF PINKS AND DAHLIAS: A BEAUTIFUL GROUP OF VIVIDLY COLOURED JELLY-FISHES OF THE NORTH SEA—PLUMOSE AND THICK-HORNED SEA-ANEMONES.



"WIDOW'S WEEDS" WHICH ARE POISONOUS TENTACLES THAT SEIZE SHRIMPS AND SEA-WORMS: THE "WIDOWED" SEA-ANEMONE (*SAGARTIA*).



EQUALLY FATAL TO UNWARY SEA-WORMS AND LITTLE SHRIMPS: THE PLUMOSE SEA-ANEMONE OR SEA-PINK (*ACTINOLOBA DIANTHUS*), A LARGE AND BRIGHTLY COLOURED JELLY-FISH.



ANIMAL ORGANISMS OF THE SEA-FLOOR THAT RESEMBLE FLOWERS: A GROUP OF SEA-PINKS, OR PLUMOSE SEA-ANEMONES (*ACTINOLOBA DIANTHUS*), TYPICAL JELLY-FISHES OF THE NORTH SEA.

"Just below the tidal zone," writes Dr. H. Weigold, of the Biological Station at Heligoland, where the above photographs were taken, "we find things of an undreamed-of splendour of colouring which anyone would call flowers. But touch one with a finger! All the beauty is gone, and only a lump of flesh remains. Now wait some minutes. The 'flower' grows again and spreads out its 'leaves,' showing that it is no flower at all, but an animal. Everyone admires the floating veils of the Compass Medusa, or the Widowed Sea-Anemone (*Sagartia*), for example. But it is not lovely for the smaller creatures that chance to swim within its grip. Woe to the small plankton-shrimp or worm coming too close to one of those greedy little snakes! With a sudden dart forward, it seizes its victim and paralyses it with the poison in its stinging tentacles. Should the victim be larger, other tentacles assist and bend back

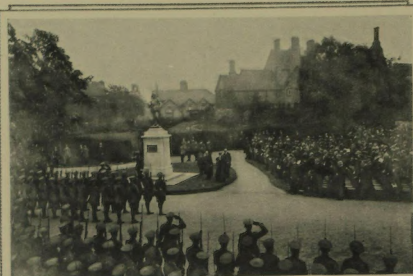
towards the Sea-Anemone's mouth with the prey in their grip, forcing it into the intestine. Then the tentacles re-expand. Such is also the habit of the Thick-Horned Sea-Anemone (*Crassicornis*) and the Plumose Sea-Anemone (*Actinobola dianthus*), or Sea-Pink. The former looks really like a Dahlia. It is reported that once at low tide a bee mistook one for a flower, and perished miserably. Most interesting is the symbiotic way in which these stinging sea-anemones live with lobsters and other crustaceans, such as hermit-crabs. They themselves can move only very slowly, more slowly than a snail, so they must sit and wait for a good opportunity, and if they can attach themselves to a lobster they are carried far around and fare much better. In return, their poison may protect their 'landlord,' who is not always such a strong and devil-may-care fellow as the one shown in the photograph."

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT



THE LAME AUTHOR OF A "CRIPPLE" PLAY: MISS DOROTHY BRANDON.



A GREAT SALOPIAN AS THE TYPE OF THE IDEAL SOLDIER: A STATUE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY UNVEILED AT SHREWSBURY SCHOOL AS A WAR MEMORIAL.



AFTER BEING RAMMED BY A CARGO BOAT IN AWASH ON A SANDBANK, WITH



THE KING AND QUEEN UNDER A CANOPY: THEIR MAJESTIES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONES OF THE NEW ROCKEFELLER BUILDINGS.



THE "FOURTH" AT ETON: THE COXSWAINS OF THE THREE UPPER BOATS D. Y. HEXT, J. ABEL SMITH, AND HON. W. W. ASTOR, AND THE SEVEN



THE PREMIER AT ETON FOR THE "FOURTH": (L. TO R.) MR. BALDWIN, DR. ALINGTON (THE HEADMASTER), AND MRS. BALDWIN.



THE CHIEF EVENT OF THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" CELEBRATIONS AT ETON: SPECTATORS, AND WINDSOR CASTLE

PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

AND FRY, SPORT AND GENERAL, TOM AITKEN, AND C.N.



BELFAST LOUGH: THE MAIL STEAMER "GRAPHIC" A HOLE IN HER PORT SIDE.



WITH LITTLE BOYS DRESSED IN A STYLE RECALLING A FAMILIAR POSTER: A CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AT CARDIFF IN WHICH 6000 CHILDREN TOOK PART.



A WELL-KNOWN EDUCATIONIST: THE LATE MR. H. J. BOYD-CARPENTER.



(LEFT TO RIGHT, LOWER BOATS.



WINNER OF LADIES' SINGLES AT CHISWICK: MISS MCKANE (LEFT), WITH MRS. MALLORY (RUNNER-UP).



PRINCESS MARY AT THE LONDON (ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL) SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN: H.R.H. FOLLOWED BY MISS ALDRICH-BLAKE (THE DEAN).



THE PROCESSION OF BOATS ON THE RIVER—EACH BANK LINED WITH AN IMPOSING BACKGROUND.



THE HOME SECRETARY AND HIS WIFE AT ETON FOR THE "FOURTH": (L. TO R.) MRS. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, MR. BRIDGEMAN, AND DR. M. R. JAMES (PROVOST).

At the first night of "The Outsider," at the St. James's Theatre, a play with a cripple girl as heroine, there was a poignant moment when the author, Miss Dorothy Brandon, on being called before the curtain, was seen to be similarly lame.—The War Memorial of Shrewsbury School, unveiled by General Sir H. B. Walker, takes the form of a statue of Sir Philip Sidney, himself a Salopian, as the type of the ideal soldier. The statue is the work of Mr. Walker, the pedestal designed by Mr. Brook Kitchin. Among those present were the Burgmaster of Zutphen, where Sidney fell, and the Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Alington.—The Liverpool-Belfast mail steamer "Graphic" was rammed by the American cargo boat "Balsam," in rough weather, on entering Belfast Lough on the morning of June 3. The "Graphic's" captain ran her on to a sandbank, on to which she sank, and all the 120 passengers and crew were safely taken off.—The late Mr. Henry John Boyd-Carpenter, Chief Inspector under the Egyptian Ministry of Education, was the eldest son of the famous Bishop of Ripon, and brother of the present Paymaster-General.—On May 31 their Majesties visited University College and its Hospital, where the King

laid the foundation-stone of the new Obstetric Hospital, and the Queen that of a new Nurses' Home. The buildings have been made possible by the magnificent gift of £1,205,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, which the King described as "yet another tie of sympathy and friendship which links us with the United States." For the ceremony a great marquee had been erected across Huntley Street, and on the way to it a canopy was carried by students over their Majesties as a protection from the weather.—The Prime Minister and the Home Secretary were among the visitors to Eton for the annual celebrations on the Fourth of June. The group of Eton coxswains shows, from left to right, D. Y. Hext, J. Abel Smith, the Hon. W. W. Astor, C. W. Garnett, R. P. Brown, J. N. E. Vaughan, J. V. C. Clarke, C. A. S. Cleaver, B. E. O'Brien, and S. C. Hawtrey.—Miss McKane beat Mrs. Mallory by 6—3, 6—2, in the final of the Ladies' Singles in the Middlesex Lawn-Tennis Championship at Chiswick Park.—Princess Mary (Viscountess Lascelles) recently visited the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women, where she distributed prizes and was entertained to tea.

Savages and Sitters: A Portrait-Painter's Memories.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAVAGE." By EDWIN A. WARD.*

AN authority of the past defined "Bohemia" as "any locality frequented by journalists, artists, actors, opera-singers, spouters, and other similar characters"; and "Bohemian" as "a slang term applied to literary men and artists of loose and irregular habits, living by what they can pick up by their brains." As he suggests it, that maligned centre of many imaginings consisted of land by no means entirely surrounded by water, bounded on the north by a bar, on the south by a buffet, on the east by a beer-house, on the west by a wine-shop, and peopled by witty, thriftless, unkempt, brotherly, brilliant men who would have appreciated to the full the late Dan Leno's attitude when, as a

drawn many a memory that was worth the keeping, either as reflection or as revelation.

Witness some instances.

Phil May at work: "The dining-room was crowded with noisy revellers helping themselves freely to a hospitality which was always boundless, when Phil, taking me away by the arm, led me upstairs into his working-room. What a contrast to the rowdy scene below! Every detail necessary for the practice of his masterly draughtsmanship was in perfect order, and with simple pride he described to me his method of work. Nothing appeared to be left to chance. He proceeded to illustrate the process by which he had arrived at his ultimate simplicity of line. Over an elaborate drawing he stretched a sheet of tracing paper, and preserving only the main line of construction, he found that by eliminating all superfluous detail he could present his picture with greater force and directness. The sloping desk at which he worked was for all the world like a lectern. . . ."

And other artists: Holman Hunt scattering his chop-bones on Ward's skylight in Manresa Road; W. G. Wills, better known as the author of the "Charles I." whom Irving immortalised, in a studio of hopeless untidiness, and providing for a Princess-sitter a chair littered either with dirty crockery or the grid-iron on which the breakfast bloater had been fried; Sargent, sincere, of tireless industry, and modestly indifferent to praise and blame. Then Watts after he had been induced to paint a "Presentation Portrait": "It was completely unsuccessful, and Watts received a communication from the committee venturing to express their disappointment with the picture—but enclosing his fee of a thousand guineas. Watts promptly returned the cheque, with an intimation to the committee that 'they might go to Hell,' and eventually Frank Holl, R.A., did furnish them with what they required."

Next, Whistler, who "was ruthless in the pursuit of friend or foe who fell under the ban of his displeasure, and the rasping sting of his biting tongue made him a formidable adversary." Also he had the highest opinion of himself. "'Captain' Hill, the Bond Street tailor, who had a large house in Brighton, was a collector of modern pictures and took a great interest in the artists themselves. He had commissioned Whistler to paint a picture for him, and it was arranged that he should take the picture down to Brighton and choose the place where it should hang. When Whistler arrived his host and party were out for the day. When they returned in the evening they found Whistler fast asleep on the sofa, the collection of pictures entirely re-hung, and his own contribution hanging in the place of honour." Another story: The late Sir Thomas Sutherland, then Chairman of the P. and O., invited Whistler to join him in a trial trip from Southampton. "Some days after their return to town

a message reached Sir Thomas that Whistler would like to see him. Upon calling at Whistler's studio, he was shown a charming sketch reminiscent of the scene that night upon which they had embarked upon the trial trip in the new P. and O.

"Sir Thomas, much struck by the beauty of the study, asked Whistler what sort of sum he would receive for it, if it were for sale. Whistler, never timorous about such matters, replied that he was prepared to sacrifice it for seven hundred guineas. 'Seven hundred fiddlesticks,' said Sir Thomas, and laughingly left the studio.

"This was the 'study' called by Whistler, 'Valparaiso—Evening,' which was later sold for 12,000 guineas."

A contrast indeed: Cecil Rhodes, insulting Edwin Ward while he was painting him, yet claiming that he was the only artist who had never bored him; behaving like a petulant child and a strong man; nettling Sir Luke Fildes, whom he would call "Fildes," and saying, "I have just sent my secretary with a cheque to pay for the portrait and bring it here, and as soon as it arrives I will burn it in front

of you"; being thoroughly rude to Alfred Gilbert. And Alfred Harmsworth—later Viscount Northcliffe—the young man in a hurry, overflowing with vitality, simple yet complex. When he was at Broadstairs, he worked as hard as when he was anywhere else, although he was less visible. Mr. Ward records: "Alfred Harmsworth, though rarely out of his bed after 10.30 p.m., was seldom on view much before midday; his theory being that the restless spirits who could not enjoy their beds in the morning usually figure sooner or later in the bankruptcy court. As a matter of fact, he got through more work while lying in bed between five



WHISTLER—BY JOSEPH SIMPSON.

Reproduced from "Recollections of a Savage," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

bibulous Beefeater, he located every sight according to its position in relation to the refreshment-room! He was right and he was wrong. His was a case even then of classification by the unit rather than the mass; now his definition is with the dodos. The old bravo Bohemian, always an exaggeration of his kin, flaunts his contempt of convention no more; the journalist of the new Bohemia no longer practises his profession because he has failed in everything else; the artist has ceased to luxuriate in untrimmed hair and a Chelsea slum; the actor "rests" in "Burke" and "Debrett" and "Who's Who?"; the opera-singer is what Bart Kennedy would call a Noble Person; the spouters are not "mouthing talkers"; the "other similar characters" have reformed and are not amongst the eccentrics.

The Old Brigade would have said "Pity 'tis 'tis true"; their successors will wonder as to their wisdom—will look askance at certain of the "goings on," and ask themselves whether the milestones are askew or whether their own vision is at fault. Less robust than their forerunners, they may forget great virtues and magnify little vices. Let us hope not.

At any rate, they cannot read "Recollections of a Savage" without being absorbed in it, its queer characters, its quizzical comments, its story of Sally, and especially its notes on sitters and sittings. In the

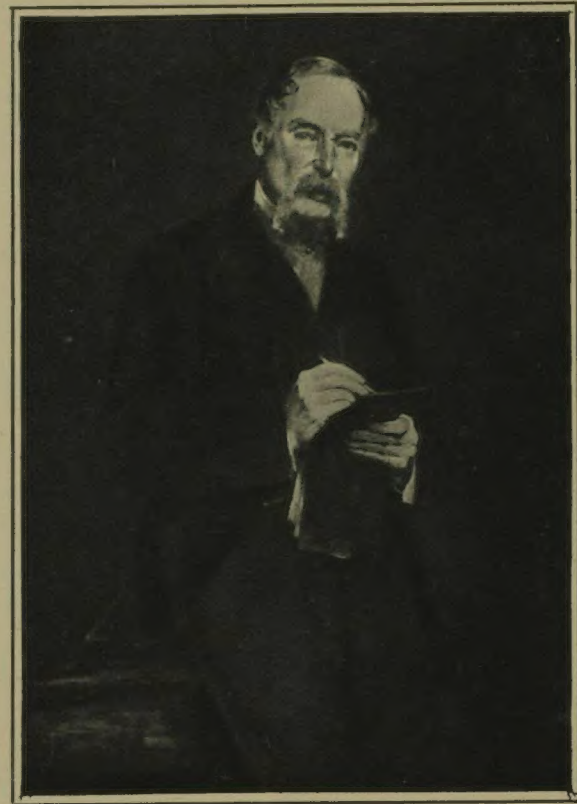


IN 1901: THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H.—BY EDWIN A. WARD.

Reproduced from "Recollections of a Savage," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

course of his distinguished career as a portrait-painter, Mr. Ward, himself a charming personality of old-world manner, has met, inside the Savage Club and out of it, most of the all sorts it takes to make a world, and from his store of reminiscences he has

* "Recollections of a Savage." By Edwin A. Ward. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins; 16s. net.)



"MR. PUNCH'S" MOST FAMOUS CARTOONIST: SIR JOHN TENNIEL—BY EDWIN A. WARD.

From the Picture in the Reform Club.

and ten in the morning than any other man I have ever known, during the whole day." His summing up of himself is characteristic: "I am the man you must have in every great business; the man who can say 'Yes' and 'No.'"

Equally sure was the young Winston Churchill. Mr. Ward says of him: "I remember him as a red-haired boy of thirteen at the time I was painting his father's portrait. The picture had rather an elaborate background, and Winston, watching me working away at the accessories, remarked:

"If I were you, Mr. Ward, I would paint in the head myself, and then pay some other fellow to finish off the chair and other details. I learned drawing at Harrow. My master draws 'em, and I colour them."

Another type: Gladstone visiting Irving at the Lyceum. Invited to the actor's dressing-room, he "expressed a strong desire to obtain a glimpse of the 'house' from the stage. The curtain was down; he was conducted to one of the wings, from whence, by slightly pulling the curtain aside, a view of the 'house' could be obtained. But Mr. Gladstone, in his impulsive eagerness to see all that was to be seen, gripped the curtain with such energy, that not only did he get a clear look of the 'house,' but also presented the audience with a most excellent view of the familiar features of the Prime Minister, upon which they rose as one man, bursting into loud, prolonged, delighted calls of 'Bravo Gladstone.'"

A point about Mark Twain: "A portrait of Cecil Rhodes was on view in the studio when Mark Twain commenced his sittings; but his vocabulary became so violent and varied, leaving no room for doubt as to his views regarding the policy of the British in South Africa and the part played in it by Cecil Rhodes, that I was compelled to move the picture out of the range of his vision. I was a little surprised to find that he had no good word to say for the works of Charles Dickens. He seemed to be quite blind to his qualities, and for the life of him failed to see where the humour came in."

So much by way of introduction: let the "samples" tempt to the whole. "Recollections of a Savage" should have a great success. E. H. G.

A "PLAGUE OF EGYPT" IN KENT: FLIES AND CATERpillARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.V.R. CAVELL.



FRUIT-TREES "BRIDGED" FOR CATERpillARS BY A NETWORK OF OAK-FLY WEBS: PICKING CATERpillARS OFF THE WEBS.



A TREE THAT YIELDED TEN BUSHELS OF FRUIT LAST SEASON, NOW STRIPPED BY CATERpillARS: CLEARING THE PESTS.



DEVASTATION IN KENTISH ORCHARDS FROM THE PLAGUE OF CATERpillARS THAT FOLLOWED THE OAK-FLIES: AN ENTIRE ROW OF RAVAGED PLUM AND APPLE TREES ON A PLANTATION AT ASH.



"BIRD DESTRUCTION MUST BE STOPPED . . . MORE BIRDS MEAN FEWER INSECTS": INSPECTING A PLUM-TREE STRIPPED BY CATERpillARS AT WOODNESBOROUGH.



"WE MUST HAVE MORE BIRDS": KENTISH FRUIT-GROWERS CLIMBING UP CHERRY AND APPLE TREES IN SEARCH OF THE DEVASTATING CATERpillARS.

This year's crop of fruit in many Kentish orchards has been ruined by a plague of caterpillars, which have stripped the trees bare. In our last issue (for June 2), we illustrated a plague of locusts at Johannesburg, in South Africa, comparing it to one of the plagues of Egypt. If the analogy is not quite so close in regard to the caterpillars themselves, it holds good of a visitation that preceded them and helped their depredations, for a few weeks before, about the end of April, "there came (in the language of Exodus) a grievous swarm of flies" from over the sea

into Eastern Kent. They settled everywhere, and nearly drove the cattle mad. In orchards they wove a network of webs from tree to tree, thus forming "bridges" which were later used by the caterpillars. The flies were black, with long tails, and locally known as oak-flies. The caterpillar plague has caused a revulsion of feeling among fruit-growers in favour of birds. One orchard-owner at Woodnesborough said: "Our orchards are a wilderness. Bird destruction must be stopped. We must have more birds, as more birds mean fewer insects."

THE CHARM OF THE FORMAL GARDEN: LILY PONDS, ROCK-PLANTS, CASCADES, AND "CRAZY" PAVEMENT, AT CHELSEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



1. IN THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW AT CHELSEA: A FORMAL GARDEN, WITH FOUNTAIN AND TOPIARY, AWARDED A SILVER CUP.



2. A WINDING STREAM WITH "CRAZY" PAVEMENT AWARDED A



PATH AND A SMALL CASCADE: A WATER GARDEN AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.



3. OF THE SUNK GARDEN TYPE: A FORMAL ROCK AND WATER GARDEN, WITH CENTRAL POND AND STONE FIGURE, AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.



4. LIKE A NATURAL MOORLAND STREAM: A ROCK GARDEN AWARDED A LARGE SILVER CUP.



5. A GRASS AND OLD WALL EFFECT: A SUNK GARDEN AND LILY POOL, AWARDED THE SILVER-GILT BANKSIAN MEDAL.



6. "CRAZY" PAVEMENT, FLAGS, AND "RED-HOT POKERS": AN IRIS GARDEN AWARDED A SILVER-GILT MEDAL.



7. BOULDERS AND A LILY POOL: A ROCK AND WATER GARDEN AWARDED A LARGE SILVER CUP.

Many delightful examples of formal gardens, and of rock and water gardens laid out on the "careless-ordered" lines of natural scenery, have proved a great attraction to visitors at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show at Chelsea. The King and Queen were especially interested in them when they visited the Show on May 29, and insisted on visiting this part of the grounds in spite of the bad weather on that day. We illustrate here some of the gardens which their Majesties saw. No. 1 is a formal garden by Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, Ltd., of Crawley, awarded a small silver cup. No. 2 is a water garden shown

by Messrs. James Carter and Co., of Raynes Park, awarded a gold medal. No. 3 is a formal rock and water garden by Messrs. Kent and Brydon, of Darlington, also awarded a gold medal. No. 4 is a rock garden by Messrs. R. Tucker and Sons, of Oxford, awarded a large silver cup. No. 5 is a sunk garden and lily pool by the En Tout Cas Co., Ltd., of Syston, near Leicester, awarded the silver-gilt Banksian medal. No. 6 is an iris garden by Messrs. Bunyard, of Maidstone, awarded a silver-gilt medal. No. 7 is a rock-water garden by Messrs. W. H. Caze and Sons, Ltd., of Kingston-on-Thames, awarded a large silver cup.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE great expectations aroused by the announcement that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was to contribute a regimental history to the vast record of the war have not been disappointed. The word "disappointed" is unhappy, for disappointment was not to be thought of in this connection: one should rather say that the great expectations have been fulfilled beyond the most sanguine hopes.

It was a foregone conclusion that the history of "THE IRISH GUARDS IN THE GREAT WAR" (Macmillan; 2 vols., 40s.) was safe in the hands of Private Mulvaney's creator, but only an inspired prophet could have foretold that this fragment of the great Four Years' drama would have a Chorus, punctuating the narrative with appropriate comment in the very vernacular of Mulvaney himself. But that is just what has happened, and it gives this war history its separate and characteristically Kiplingese note. Were it anonymous, the authorship would never be in doubt for a moment, after the first entrance of that unmistakable Irish voice: the voice of the private and the non-com. Often the speaker in inverted commas is referred to as a Sergeant, but it is still Mulvaney, and he, you remember, "was a Corpril wanst."

Lord Rosebery, in the Introduction which he wrote, while the war was still in its infancy, to Mr. John Buchan's history, remarked that "the writer, who can disentangle this vast labyrinth of armaments, and assist his contemporaries to comprehend the theatre of conflict, undertakes an heroic task, and will be entitled to the gratitude of his country; though the definite history of these simultaneous and colossal wars must still be remote." That complete survey will not be given in our time, and, when it is attempted, who shall say that it conveys the final truth? "Doubtless," says Mr. Kipling, "all will be reconstructed to the satisfaction of future years, when, if there be a memory beyond the grave, the ghosts may laugh at the neatly groomed histories."

At "neatly groomed history" Mr. Kipling has not aimed. It seemed to him best "to abandon all idea of such broad and balanced narratives as will be put forward by experts, and to limit himself to matters which directly touched the men's lives and fortunes." He has told the soldier's story from the soldier's point of view. Always he is with the fighting man, always he keeps the reader close to the fighting man's elbow. No other story of the campaign, except Captain Nichols's "The 18th Division," has conveyed so vivid a personal realisation of the soldier's works and days—"in journeyings often . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," yet all endured with the British Tommy's unbeatable pluck and humour that could see a joke when things were blackest.

But although Mr. Kipling has not attempted the "broad and balanced narrative" of field operations, he has studied his material so closely, and has arranged it with such skill, that out of the mass of bewildering detail there arises one of the clearest pictures of the struggle on the Western Front that has been given in any history of the war. The book, it is true, deals principally with the fortunes of a single unit, and the author (who modestly refers to himself

as "the compiler") makes a great point of the limited horizon of the fighters on any given sector, but, for all that, the general view is not narrow. Mr. Kipling has a knowledge of the war that enables him to look beyond the actual area of operations traversed by the Irish Guards. In terms of their experiences, he makes the Retreat from Mons understandable as few accounts of that grim ordeal of endurance and strange confusion have been understandable to the mere reader, and he sees the *terrain* always in the light of future events. Closing his account of Villers-Cotterêts (September 1, 1914) he writes: "So they passed out of the darkness and greenery of the forest, which, four years later, was to hide a great French Army, and launch it forth to turn the tide of 1918." Thus linking present with future he arrives at comprehensive and comprehensible history.

Volume I. is devoted to the 1st Battalion; Volume II. to the 2nd. The main sources are the Regimental Diaries, extracts from which, together with passages from officers' letters, contribute also to that running commentary, which is sustained, with less reticence, by the Chorus out of the

It is only another of the endless examples given in this book of the Guards' constant insistence on drill and discipline. At every moment of rest there was drill and a return to the smartness of a peace-time parade. And even in the trenches being dirty was still a crime. No matter how thick the stuff was coming over, the Guards endeavoured always to shave. And this discipline told in tight places. "They took it all as part of the inexplicable wonder of war, which orders that the soldier shall do what he is told and shall stay where he is put."

On that "Chorus" has his best word to say when he comments upon the exploit of Sergeant Moyney, who had been cut off at Ney Copse with half a platoon, but at length brought in his men, tired, very hungry, but otherwise in perfect order. They had been out, hard-pressed in a shell-hole, about four days, during which the Sergeant, according to orders, would not let them break into their iron ration. Here Chorus gets a cue for exhibiting the very kernel of discipline—

'Twas a bad mix-up first to last. We ought never to have been that side the dam' river (Broembek) at that time at all. 'Twas not fit for it yet. And there's a lot to it that can't be told. . . . And why did Moyney not let the men break into their ration? Because, in a tight place, if you do one thing against orders ye'll do *anything*. An' 'twas a dam tight place that that Moyney man walked them out of.

Excellent this book is as a regimental history, with every man's little bit of service or glory, or both, "in a war that made mere glory ridiculous," fitted economically yet most adequately into its proper place; but it is these human asides in the brogue that make the cream of the correspondence. Hear this of the Sergeant to the most genially incorrigible regimental incubate. The story is long and fruity, but here it grows to a point—

So I loosed myself upon him, an' I described him to himself the way he'd have shame at it, but shame was not in him. "Yes, Sergeant," he says to me, "full I am, an' this is full too," he says, patten' the rum jar (and it was!), "an' I know where there's plenty more," he says, "and it's all for you an' your great thrustfulness to me about them five francs." What could I do? He'd made me a laughing stock to the Battalion. An awful man! He'd done it all on those five unlucky francs! Yes, he'd lead a bombin' party or a drinkin' party—his own or any other battalion's; an' he was worth a platoon an' a half when there was anything doing, an' I thrust in God he's alive yet—him an' his five francs! But an awful man!

An actual, though nameless, Mulvaney speaks from these pages above the din of whizz-bangs and trench mortars, and grins amid the abominations of No Man's Land: as thus, on the 2nd Battalion's first taste of the Ypres salient—

"When you know you may be for it every minute, you can *not* be more frightened than frightened. The same as getting drunk, I think. After a while—dead-drunk ye get, and dead-drunk ye stay. Ah, but they was genteel trenches and pleasant-spoken Jerries down at Laventie where we'd come from, in front of Red House and all."

A further glimpse of "pleasant-spoken Jerries" occurs when the Irish Guards had taken post with the Army of Occupation in Germany, and thought the bottom had fallen out, not only of the war, but of reality—

"There was Jerry takin' stock of us, under his hat-brim at the street-corners in the wet. . . . An' there was the Jerry Frowlines so polite and anxious for to please, playin' the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' to the officers in

the evenin', an' every Jerry willin' to sell us everything he thought we'd like to buy. And there was us Micks mountin' guard on the dumps, an' patrollin' the streets. . . . an' 'twas all like play-actin' . . . for us, the old birds, that had come through great doin's for so long, 'twas not in nature, ye'll understand. All false-like, except the dam' ceremonials."

The story comes down to that day on which the returned Guards moved through London in a procession that recalled things soon to be a memory only. In that company were "young men with eyes which did not match their age, shaken beyond speech or tears by the splendour and the grief of that memory."

Among the "missing" after the 2nd Battalion's début at Loos occurs the name of 2nd Lieut. J. Kipling.



BEGINNING A NEW SERIES OF BRILLIANT SHORT STORIES IN THE "SKETCH": "G. B. STERN" (MRS. GEOFFREY HOLDSWORTH).

Mrs. Geoffrey Holdsworth, better known by her maiden (and pen) name of G. B. Stern, has just begun in the "Sketch" a new set of tales with the general title of "Little Slam." A previous series in the same paper was entitled "Six Fools." She is one of our cleverest young authors, and has written several notable novels, including "The Room," and—her latest—"The Back Seat."

Photograph by Maull and Fox.



AUTHOR OF "LADY SUSAN AND LIFE," A NEW SERIES OF AMUSING STUDIES OF MODERN MANNERS, JUST BEGUN IN THE "SKETCH": MISS M. STORM JAMESON.

Miss Storm Jameson has published three novels, "The Pot Boils," "The Happy Highways," and "The Clash" (a study of an American in England), as well as "Modern Drama in Europe," a critical history of the modern stage. She has just finished another novel and a play. At one time she was sub-editor of the "New Commonwealth." She is the wife of an officer in the American Air Service, and has a little son.—(Photograph by Basil.)

mouth of some unnamed N.C.O. or "other ranks." The soldierly reticence of the Diaries and letters has its own back-handed humour. Nothing can be more perfectly British in its instinctive avoidance of heroics. For instance, when the 2nd Battalion had its earliest experience at Ypres and a platoon under inspection was caught by shrapnel—

The men stood rigidly to attention without moving a muscle, till the officer gave them orders to take cover. Then they disappeared into the nearest cellar. Later on, it occurred to the officer that the incident, "though commonplace, was not without its interesting aspect."

The aspect is not less "interesting" that the Battalion was newly raised and still untried in war.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: AN OUTRAGE; A PAGEANT; AN ELECTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. WELCH, PHOTOPRESS, AND TOPICAL.



BEFORE IT WAS BLOWN UP: THE HISTORIC OBELISK ON THE SITE OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, NEAR DROGHEDA.



AFTER IT WAS BLOWN UP: THE COMPLETE WRECKAGE OF THE BOYNE OBELISK, AND THE BRIDGE THAT ESCAPED.



THE KING AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR ON HIS BIRTHDAY: HIS MAJESTY (MOUNTED, THIRD FROM RIGHT IN FRONT LINE IN RIGHT FOREGROUND) WITH THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN ON HIS LEFT, WATCHING THE MARCH-PAST.



THE NEW WOMAN M.P. ACCLAIMED BY HER SUPPORTERS: MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON (AT THE CENTRE WINDOW) AFTER HER ELECTION.



BEFORE SHE ACCIDENTALLY RECEIVED A BLACK EYE FROM THE ELBOW OF A POLICEMAN MAKING WAY FOR HER: MRS. PHILIPSON ESCORTED TO HER COMMITTEE ROOMS.



WITH HER HUSBAND, TO WHOSE SEAT SHE SUCCEEDS: MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON WELCOMED AT AMBLE AFTER HER ELECTION.

The famous obelisk which has stood for nearly 200 years on the site of the Battle of the Boyne, near Drogheda, was blown up during the night of May 30-31, apparently by land-mines put in holes of the rock that formed the base. Luckily the bridge escaped. The Boyne at Drogheda forms the border between the counties of Louth and Meath in the north-east part of the Irish Free State. The obelisk was dedicated to "the glorious memory of King William III.," and marked the spot where he led his troops across the river against the forces of James II. The first stone of the monument was laid by the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant

of Ireland, in 1736.—The historic ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of the King's birthday took place on the Horse Guards Parade on Saturday, June 2. The King was in the uniform of the Scots Guards.—The election of Mrs. Hilton Philipson (formerly Miss Mabel Russell) as M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed, on June 1, caused a scene of great enthusiasm. The result was declared at Alnwick. On her return to Berwick the crowd was so great that she could scarcely reach her hotel, and a policeman making way for her accidentally gave her a black eye with his elbow. A portrait of her appears on our front page.

DIGGING FOR MASTODONS: PREHISTORIC MONSTERS OF NEW YORK.

BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. FIG. 1—FROM DR. J. C. WARREN'S "MASTODON GIGANTEUS OF NORTH AMERICA." FIG. 3—PHOTOGRAPH, LENT BY MR. H. E. THOMPSON, OF PAINTING BY REMBRANDT PEALE, BELONGING TO MRS. BERTHA WHITE, AND NOW IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM. FIGS. 4 AND 5—PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. S. H. CHUBB.



1. SHOWING ITS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO EXTRICATE ITSELF FROM THE MORASS: THE WARREN MASTODON SKELETON AS FOUND: WITH INDICATIONS OF STRATA.



2. TOO HIGH AND WITH ARTIFICIAL TUSKS TOO LONG: THE MASTODON AS REMOUNTED IN 1947 AND VARNISHED BLACK.

MANY new facts about the Warren Mastodon, whose skeleton is one of the greatest treasures of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, are given in an article on "Mastodons of the Hudson Highlands," by Professor H. F. Osborn, President of the Museum, in a recent number of its Journal, "Natural History." "The Warren Mastodon, found in 1845," he writes, "was the fifth in a series of discoveries of mastodon skeletons, beginning with Peale's first skeleton of 1799, also found in Orange County, New York. . . . The vignette (Fig. 1) is designed to show the succession of strata under which were found the skeletal remains (of the Warren Mastodon). The position of the extremities shows that the animal was making strong efforts to extricate itself from the abyss into which it had plunged. . . . For 57 years (1849-1906) the Warren Mastodon, remounted as shown in Fig. 2, was exhibited in the Warren Museum in Boston. In 1906 it was acquired, thanks to the late J. Pierpont Morgan, by the American Museum. The skeleton is here shown covered with heavy black varnish. The natural height was increased from 9 ft. to 12 ft." . . . Fig. 3 shows the excavation of the Peale Mastodon in 1801 on a farm near Newburg, New York. "The principal figure in the foreground is Dr. Charles Willson Peale. Some of the workmen wear tall beaver hats as part of the quaint dress of the period."—Figs. 4 and 5 show the locality where

[Continued below.]



3. WITH AN IMPROVISED CONTINUOUS BUCKET CHAIN: THE EXCAVATION OF THE PEALE MASTODON IN 1801.



4. WHERE THE WARREN MASTODON WAS DISCOVERED IN 1845, UNDER THE PRESENT POND: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH ON THE BREWSTER FARM, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.



5. POINTING TO THE SPOT IN THE POND WHERE THE MASTODON WAS FOUND: MR. NATHANIEL BREWSTER (GRANDSON OF THE DISCOVERER).

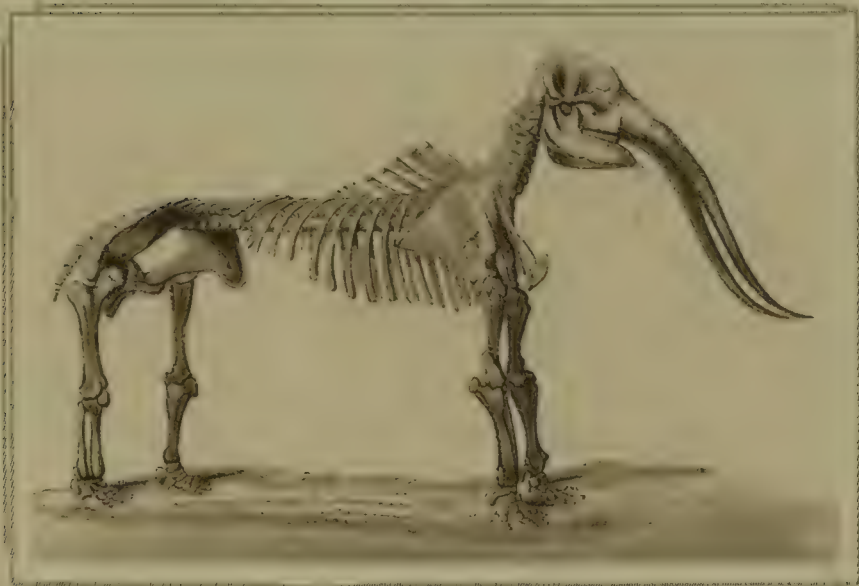
the Warren Mastodon was discovered, and in Fig. 5 is seen Mr. Nathaniel Brewster, grandson of the original owner and excavator of the skeleton. Although only three at the time (1845), he recalls placing his little fist in the eye-socket of the mastodon. . . . "Owing to the fact that the bones were buried in a pure shell-marl layer, they were when found in a perfect state of preservation. . . . The skeleton was wired together and set up in such form that it could be exhibited for three or four months during the years 1845 and 1846, in the city of New

York, and in several New York and New England towns. Fortunate was its purchase in 1846 by Dr. John Collins Warren, Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, who paid 5000 dollars for it. It was mounted under his direction (at Boston) by Dr. N. B. Shurtleff; this was its second mounting. . . . In 1849 the mastodon was remounted by Mr. Ogden. It was at this time that the skeleton received its coat of black varnish, was raised 2 ft. above its natural height, and was provided with the enormous pair of papier-maché tusks (over 11 ft. long)," seen in Fig. 2.

[Continued in Box on opposite page.]

ROAMING NEW YORK STATE SOME 30,000 YEARS AGO: MASTODONS.

BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. FIG. 1—FROM THE "AMERICAN JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE AND SCIENCE" (MESSRS. E. EMMONS AND A. J. PRIME). FIGS. 3 AND 4 FROM PAINTINGS BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT. FIG. 5—A MODEL BY NOAH T. CLARKE AND CHARLES P. HEIDENRICH, DIRECTED BY DR. JOHN M. CLARKE. FIG. 6—A MODEL BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.



6. AS IT WAS MOUNTED SHORTLY AFTER ITS DISCOVERY IN 1845: THE SKELETON OF THE WARREN MASTODON, SINCE REMOUNTED THREE TIMES.



7. AS REMOUNTED (FOR THE FOURTH TIME) IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, IN 1908: THE WARREN MASTODON.



8. AMID FLORA INDICATED BY THE CONTENTS OF HIS STOMACH: THE WARREN MASTODON JUST BEFORE HE WAS DROWNED SOME 30,000 YEARS AGO.



9. AS THEY LIVED SOME 300 CENTURIES AGO: MASTODONS, INCLUDING TWO BULLS, A COW, AND A CALF, ON THE MISSOURI RIVER IN KANSAS.

Continued.

In 1906 the skeleton was bought for the American Museum by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for 30,000 dollars, and was remounted. The black varnish was removed, and the fragments of the original tusks were pieced together and found to be 8 ft. 7 in. long. The animal's height was also determined as 9 ft. 2 in. and its length as 15 ft. "Its proportions (writes Mr. Osborn) are thus totally different from those of any species of elephant. The long, low body is correspondingly broad, with an immense spread of 6 ft. across the hips or pelvis."—Fig. 6 shows the Warren Mastodon as it was first mounted, shortly after its discovery. Fig. 7

shows the fourth mounting at the American Museum in 1908. The skeleton was almost complete, and only a few restorations were necessary. Fig. 8 shows "the final restoration portrait of the Warren Mastodon just before he sank into the shell-marl basin, six miles N.W. of Newburg, between 20,000 and 30,000 years ago. . . . The flora of the forest corresponds with the contents of the mastodon's stomach." Fig. 9 is also a painting by Mr. Charles Knight made under the direction of Professor Osborn. Fig. 10 shows "the Cohoes Mastodon as he appeared in life. . . . the only life-size scientific restoration of the

(Continued below.)



10. THE ONLY LIFE-SIZE SCIENTIFIC RESTORATION OF AN AMERICAN MASTODON OF THE ICE AGE: A MODEL OF THE COHOES MASTODON AT ALBANY.



11. MADE ON A 1-8TH SCALE (1½ INCHES TO THE FOOT): A "RECONSTRUCTION" MODEL OF THE WARREN MASTODON.

Continued.

Fig. 11 is a model of the Warren Mastodon, one of a series of extinct and living elephants made to a uniform scale of 1½ in. to the foot, or a 1-8 scale. The Cohoes Mastodon was illustrated in our issue of July 15 last, where we wrote: "It is a remarkable specimen of those prehistoric proboscideans of which the remains of 101 distinct individuals have been found in New York State. This one, a nearly full-grown male, was excavated at Cohoes

in 1866. Dental trouble in the right jaw had arrested its development—hence it became known as 'the mastodon with the toothache.' For fifty years the skeleton has stood in the State Museum at Albany, and from it a life-like scientific restoration, the first of its kind, has just been completed by Mr. Noah T. Clarke, son of the Director of the Museum, assisted by Mr. Charles P. Heidenrich. The work has taken more than a year, and is based on careful and accurate studies and measurements."

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.—AN ARTISTIC ERROR.

HAS the outside world, I wonder, any conception of the terrible fight for life going on day by day in the World of the Theatre? We hear of bad business, of bad plays, of the plaint of the Great Unacted, and the closed door. Incidentally, we hear of inflated rents, of the presumptions of labour, of the wicked theatre-tax, about which the manager weeps while the public pays—is it not plainly printed on the tickets?

But what we hear all too rarely is of the suffering in silence of the army of unemployed in an overstocked profession. Whenever the papers announce a new play and a new venture, every post brings a sheaf of letters asking, praying, imploring for work. And alas! since there are more women in the land (and on or about the stage) than men, they form the majority of the pleaders. A well-known manager, who let me into the secrets of his cupboard, one morning showed me a pile of letters with an index attached. I rapidly counted fifty and more. "This is one day's sad harvest." He is a kind-hearted man, who looks upon his less fortunate colleagues in the spirit of *esprit de corps*, and believes that, even when there is no chance to offer immediate employment, it is part and parcel of his duty to see all the applicants—to visualise their possibilities with a view to later plans; to proffer a word of encouragement, maybe of solace. He himself has gone through the mill, and tasted the bitter cup of "resting"—willy-nilly—with no work and no money. He remembers closed doors, abrupt interviews while kept standing like a menial, the rebuffs—all those disappointments which depress a heavy heart. Besides, he is not only kind, he is far-seeing; he knows the value of personal acquaintance and observation; he considers that in declining to see an artist he may let a genius pass his door, and regret it ever after. It happens all too often that an artist leaps suddenly into fame, and that then, too late, a manager remembers how the first claim on his or her services was offered to him and declined on the stereotyped circular containing a polite "Nothing doing."

But, on the whole, it may be said that the manager referred to is rather the exception than the rule. Generally only the fewest unemployed actors get near the holy shrine. Nor can one blame the leaders of theatres that they politely turn a deaf ear; for to see, say, fifty people but for five minutes every day means a little matter of over four hours, or precisely one-half of normal working-time. The whole sad question is not one of individual shortcomings, but the obvious result of three causes. The first is our system of engagements for a run. It is unique in Europe. Elsewhere, all the artists are engaged for a definite period at a certain time of the year. The artists go to agents; the agents are, as it were, the permanent brokers of a manager; supply is equalled by a pretty regular demand. Artists out of engagement are rare on the Continent: such are either the more or less notoriously incapable ones, or those who feel confident that they can dispense with long engagements and do better as "guests" spasmodically. The next cause is that resting players rarely hear of new enterprises and requirements until after the event, when the play and the cast are settled. They apply on rumour, hear-say, or possibly little sidelights in the Press. There is no labour exchange for artists, nor yet any information bureau. Even the Actors' Association and the accredited agents know nothing of what is going on in the managerial office. The latter are sent for when they are wanted, but generally engagements are made by the manager himself, with the aid of the author, who both know exactly whom they want and where to find them. And lucky indeed are the *protégés* who get in by recommendation. The rest wander outside in dark-

ness, and chance is the only "bull" point in their speculation of something looming up.

Yet, when all is said, the third cause is the most cogent of all. The stage is the candle that attracts the moth, particularly the female moth—the girl who is idle and bored at home; the girl who is tired of "five-o'clocks" and society; the girl who reads about



GIVING HER ONLY RECITAL IN LONDON THIS SEASON AT THE QUEEN'S HALL ON JUNE 9: MME. MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ, THE WELL-KNOWN SINGER.

Mme. D'Alvarez has just returned from a two-years' concert tour of the world.

Photograph by George Maillard Kesslere, B.P.

the glories and the luxurious lives of stars; the girl who has failed at several trades and thinks that the stage is as good a gamble as any other; the girl who is indolent and good-looking, and thinks that stage-life is all outings, excitement, and *dolce far*

Cooper or a Madge Titheradge; the girl who thinks that she has it in her, that the stage is her vocation, whereas in reality she would be better employed as a wife and mother. Now, if you were to tell the truth to all these more or less useless hangers-on, they would be horrified and full of protestation. But the fact remains, and, if it applies in a lesser degree to men, it is because our men are fewer in number and generally more adequate than the would-be actresses swarming round stage-doors and theatre offices. It is one of those problems that defy solution, and will grow in fatal importance as the theatre, financially far from sound and less and less lucrative, becomes more and more the focus of the attention of public and Press.

Would that there were more managers like one, now dead, who had a hard-and-fast rule with applicants whom he considered as ballast! His first question to the aspirants who came to him in shoals was: "Why do you want to go on the stage? Is it of necessity, or because you believe you can act and would like to employ your time?" By the answer he could at once gauge what manner of person was facing him. And nine times out of ten he dismissed his visitor with the polite salute: "Yours is a case of 'may,' not 'must.' I'm sorry. I am a man of business and cannot afford to attend to other people's recreations. Forgive me, and—good morning." His was the cruelty of kindness, and he thus rendered great service to the real workers in his profession.

With all my love for the little people of the Marionettes, I think their incursion into Shakespeare is an error. There is a general consensus of opinion that the best part of the entertainment was not the play of "The Tempest," but the scenery and the music, and that moments of mirth were followed by periods of gentle *ennui*. The fault lay not so much with the wirepullers as with the henchmen. When the Marionettes opened in opera and met with the enthusiasm kindled by a quaint novelty, there was a feeling of unevenness: Italian operators and English operatic artists, engaged for the purpose, formed a strange combination indeed, and one that could never be complete on account of temperament and lack of real cohesion. The fascination of the old Punch and Judy show is that the pipers call the tune—in other words, manipulator and actor are one. Nor can perfect harmony of time and *milieu* ever be obtained when these two are sundered. There is a fundamental difference between the beat of mechanism and the human voice, and the make-believe can only be achieved by such practice as reaches very nearly amalgamation. In "The Tempest" there was very little of that: the Marionettes were Latin in the wide sense of the word; the accompanists, vocal and reciting, were, I will not say Anglo-Saxon, but—otherwise, and hardly ever did the poetry of Shakespeare penetrate.

Again, if our public had been familiar with the art and possibilities of Marionettes, if they had seen the Munich puppets at work in Goethe's "Faust," in Shakespeare, and other classical work, moved and voiced simultaneously by actors—and actors only—they would not have been quite so rapturous over Italian young visitors, or there would have been programmes less ambitious and more apt. For it is in "variety" that they excel; their acrobats, their *prime donne* in mockery and miniature, their wire-walkers—above

all, their skeleton juggling with its own head and bony limbs—show the perfection and the humour of their art. If they want to do opera and classics, let it be in Italian. We don't ask Duse to play in English for us; so why should we not be allowed to enjoy the Marionettes as they really are, instead of practising futile naturalisation on their artistic nature?



LUMINOUS LIVING JEWELLERY IN THE "MUSIC BOX REVUE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE: PEARL AND DIAMOND EFFECTS IN "THE LEGEND OF THE PEARLS," WITH MISS ETHELIND TERRY (CENTRE) AS THE PEARL. The pearl-bordered costumes and head-dresses, and the large "pearl and diamond" pendant above, produce very decorative effects, especially when the lights are extinguished and the luminous jewels shine in the dark. Miss Ethelind Terry sings the "Legend of the Pearls," with a "String of Pearls" chorus. Miss Peggy Marsh and Miss Margaret Roberts appear as The Dancers.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

niente; the girl who has acted as an amateur and been praised as a genius by sisters, cousins, aunts—not forgetting swains; the girl who thinks that the stage is a good matrimonial bureau—have not Topsy and Dolly hooked a millionaire or a title?—the girl who has had elocution lessons and thinks that she is "it," and could—if she had but a chance—become a Gladys

THE COSTUME BALL AS PARIS KNOWS IT: A GAVARNI AFFAIR.

FROM A COLOUR DRAWING BY WILLIAM ABLETT.



WITH DRESSES AND DECORATION OF THE LOUIS PHILIPPE AND SECOND EMPIRE PERIODS: THE BAL GAVARNI AT THE PARIS OPERA, NAMED AFTER A FAMOUS FRENCH 19TH-CENTURY CARICATURIST.

The Gavarni Ball, in Paris, organised in aid of the home for aged workmen of the cinemas, was a great success. The balls at the Opera have quite a history, and it has always been said of them that they were "not so good as they used to be." The first ball at the Opera (then the Palais Royal) took place on January 2, 1716, and the French Royal Family was present. Louis XV. came to them twice in a domino, and once as a bat. Louis XVI. was once seen there, and Marie Antoinette intrigued a Swedish officer for some time, and then unmasked herself. During the Revolution the balls stopped; they restarted during the Consulate, and

became magnificent festivals, during the Empire, though their best period was under Louis Philippe. They were given up in 1900, resumed in 1914, and are now in vogue for charities. The one depicted was in costumes of the Gavarni period (Louis Philippe and Napoleon III.). Gavarni was the pseudonym of Hippolyte Guillaume Sulpice Chevalier (1804-1866), a famous French caricaturist of social life. He is said to have chosen the name from the place, where he made his first drawings. He edited "Les Gens du Monde" and "Charivari," and later came to England after the French Revolution of 1848.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

ADDING A NEW PROVINCE TO HIS "SPHERE OF INFLUENCE": THE PRINCE OF WALES IN FOUR GREAT YORKSHIRE CITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U. AND C.N.



WATCHED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM THE BALCONY OF THE TOWN HALL: LITTLE GIRLS OF SHEFFIELD PERFORMING COUNTRY DANCES IN THE CITY SQUARE.



AMID A CHEERING CROWD AT YORK: THE PRINCE OF WALES, WITH THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN ON THE RIGHT OF THE PRINCE, AS HE PASSED THROUGH THE CITY.



ON PEAKED CAP IN THE CENTRE, A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT OF THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN, AS HE PASSED THROUGH THE CITY.



ON ARRIVAL AT LEEDS: THE PRINCE INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 7th AND 8th (LEEDS RIFLES) BATTALIONS OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT IN VICTORIA SQUARE.



"THROWING THE JACK," WHICH HE FOLLOWED UP BY A GOOD SHOT: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE BOWLING GREEN OF THE BLIGHTY CLUB AT BRADFORD.



AT LEEDS: THE PRINCE OF WALES WALKING TO THE MINISTRY OF PENSIONS HOSPITAL AT BECKETT'S PARK.



AT SHEFFIELD: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE RIVER DON WORKS OF MESSRS. VICKERS.



SHOWING THE CASKET OF CHOCOLATES WHICH HE RECEIVED, AND THE GIRLS WHO MADE THE PRESENTATION: THE PRINCE IN ROWNTREE'S COCOA-FACTORY AT YORK.

By his recent tour to five great industrial centres in Yorkshire—Rotherham, Sheffield, Bradford, York, and Leeds (to name them in the order of his arrival)—the Prince of Wales extended still further his personal "sphere of influence," already world-wide, which is so powerful a factor in social and international goodwill. His day at Rotherham was illustrated in our last issue. Thence he proceeded to Sheffield, where over 60,000 children were among the cheering crowds lining the route as he drove in an open car through the streets. After luncheon at the Town Hall he watched from the balcony a number of them performing country dances and folk songs. During the day he visited the Town Hall, the University, the Comrades' Club of the British Legion, and the works of Messrs. Vickers and of Messrs. Hadfield. He entered Bradford on the following day with the Earl and Countess of Harewood and drove through Lister Park

to the City Hall. Later he went over the works of Messrs. Isaac Holden and the mills of Messrs. John Foster and Son. Finally, he visited the Blighty Club and its bowling green, where he "threw the jack" and followed it up with a good shot. The next day the Prince spent at York, where he was conducted over the Minster by the Dean, and at the Guildhall was presented with the freedom of the city. At Messrs. Rowntree's cocoa-factory a casket of chocolates and sweetmeats was presented to the Prince by the packer of the contents, Miss Kitty Smith, and Miss Florence Shaw. The tour concluded on June 1 at Leeds. Here the Prince replied to an Address in the Town Hall, and visited the Infirmary, the University, and the Ministry of Pensions Hospital at Beckett's Park, where he shook hands with some two hundred ex-Service patients. Wherever he went throughout the five days the Prince was received with the heartiest enthusiasm.

DONOGHUE'S DERBY "HAT TRICK": WINNING THE "BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF" FOR THE THIRD SUCCESSIVE YEAR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPIT AND GENERAL.



THE FINISH OF THE DERBY OF 1923: MR. B. IRISH'S PAPYRUS (STEVE DONOGHUE UP) FIRST PAST THE WINNING POST, WITH LORD DERBY'S PHAROS (E. GARDNER UP) SECOND, AND MR. GOCULDAS'S PARTH (A. WALKER UP) THIRD.

The Derby of this year, run in dull weather at Epsom on Wednesday, June 6, was won by Mr. B. Irish's Papyrus, whose jockey, Steve Donoghue, has thus ridden three Derby winners in succession. Last year he won the race on Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, and in 1921 on Mr. J. B. Joel's Humorist. Donoghue also rode the Derby winner in two of the war years (when the race was run at Newmarket over the Suffolk Stakes course)—in 1915 on Mr. S. Joel's Pommern, and in 1917 on Mr. "Fairlie's" Gay Crusader. The sensation of this year's event was the defeat of the favourite, Lord Woolavington's Town Guard, the most-d scussed of all the horses entered. Owing to reports of some mishap or physical unfitness, he had been temporarily displaced from favour by the eventual winner, Papyrus,

and was then restored to his position on the eve of the race and finally started favourite. The owner of Papyrus, Mr. B. Irish, is an East Anglian tenant farmer who, although he has not many horses, has been remarkably successful. His first Derby victory was immensely popular. Papyrus was strongly backed, especially by those who put faith in Donoghue's riding. So also was Pharos, whose owner descends from the twelfth Earl of Derby, after whom the race is named. It was first run in 1780. The owner of Parth, Mr. M. Goculdas, is an Indian, who has never been in England. The spectators included the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and Viscount Lascelles; but, as mentioned elsewhere, the King and Queen were not present owing to the illness of Princess Christian.

A NEW VENUE FOR THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE OLD TROON COURSE.

DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY W. D. ROBINSON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOT AND GENERAL.



WHERE THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—A PICTORIAL PERSPECTIVE PLAN, SHOWING THE POSITION AND MEASUREMENT OF EACH HOLE; WITH (INSET) THE FIRTH OF CLYDE AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



ALTERED FOR CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY UNDER THE ADVICE OF JAMES BRAID: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—THE 6TH (LEFT) AND 12TH GREENS, WHICH ADJOIN.



FOUNDED IN 1873: THE TROON GOLF CLUB ON THE Ayrshire COAST—THE CLUBHOUSE, THE 18TH GREEN, AND BUNKERS.



WITH BUNKERS CUT IN A STEEP MOUND (NOT VISIBLE IN THE DRAWING ABOVE, FROM THE POINT OF VIEW SELECTED): THE 8TH GREEN.



WHERE 67 NEW BUNKERS HAVE BEEN MADE: THE OLD COURSE AT TROON—A VIEW FROM THE 6TH TEE TO THE 8TH GREEN.



NEARING "GREENAN," THE NEW 5TH HOLE: A VIEW FROM THE 5TH TEE, SHOWING THE ROUGHNESS OF THE FAIRWAY.



STRONGLY PROTECTED BY NATURAL HAZARDS, NECESSITATING A CAREFUL DRIVE: TEL-EL-KEBIR (THE 7TH HOLE) SEEN FROM THE 7TH TEE.

The Open Golf Championship is to be played on Thursday and Friday, June 14 and 15, over the Old Course at Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire. It was arranged that, if there were more than 80 entrants, two qualifying rounds of 18 holes should be played, on June 11 and 12, over the New Course and the Municipal Course, No. 2 (seen in the background of the above drawing). Troon has never hitherto been chosen for the Open Championship itself, though qualifying rounds have been played there before, and the Championship has been played on the adjoining Prestwick course, one end of which is close to the house shown on the extreme right in our drawing. The Scottish Amateur Championship will also be decided on the Old Course at Troon, in July. The course is

famous for its fine putting greens, and water is laid on to each, ensuring a good surface even in times of drought. James Braid recently visited it, to advise on alterations for Championship purposes, and 67 new bunkers were constructed, with a number of new tees. The course has thus been made more difficult. It needs great accuracy, and in driving the consideration of the second shot is more important than long hitting. Thus at the seventh hole (Tel-el-Kebir), though the bunkers to the right seem more severe, it is better to drive to the right, as the way to the left involves a more difficult approach shot, owing to a bunker cut out of the hill to the left of the green. The total length of the course is over 6400 yards.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

A DERBY DAY FROM THE AIR: EPSOM DOWNS LIKE AN ANT-HILL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO. AND AEROFILMS, LTD.

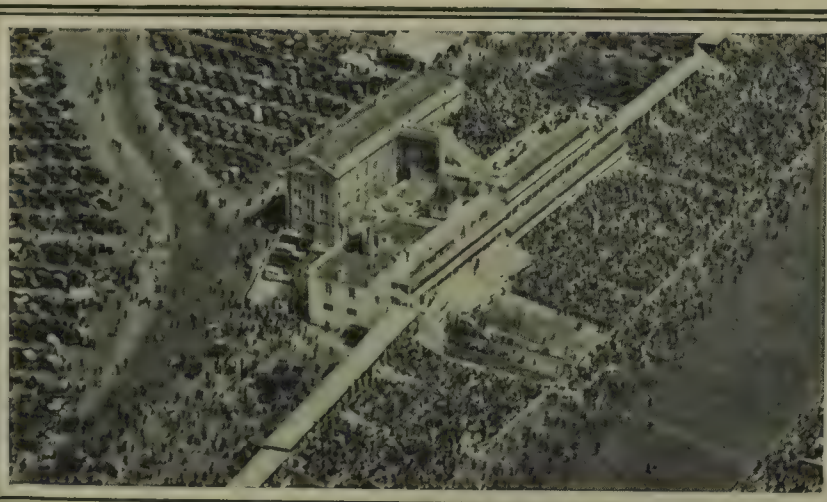


AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF EPSOM ON A DERBY DAY: (1) TATTENHAM CORNER STATION; (2) THE GRAND STAND; (3) THE JUDGE'S BOX; (4) THE ROAD FROM EPSOM TOWN; (5) THE DERBY ARMS HOTEL; (6) THE DOWNS HOTEL; (7) THE PADDOCK.




A DERBY DAY SIDE-SHOW AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE CROWD FORMING A RING ROUND SOME ATTRACTION.

The Downs at Epsom on Derby Day present a wonderful sight from any point of view, but perhaps most wonderful of all as seen from an aeroplane, whose occupants look down on the vast crowd swarming over the ground like ants. This year the verdure of the turf was in perfect condition on the day before the great race, and it was decided, in order to prevent it from being spoilt, not to allow the people to walk on the course. The arrangements made by the police for controlling the road traffic to Epsom on Derby Day included an observation aeroplane fitted with wireless,




SHOWING THE JUDGE'S BOX IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND: THE GRAND STAND AND ENCLOSURE ON A DERBY DAY, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

acting in communication with a fixed wireless post on the ground, and a mobile motor-tender similarly equipped. It was arranged that the aeroplane should notify any points where congestion of traffic was observed to the wireless station, whence a warning would be passed on either to the motor-tender or to police at any point where diversion of traffic was necessary. It was expected that 5000 motor-coaches would leave London for Epsom, besides private motors and other vehicles. Our photographs are typical of the views obtained from an aeroplane.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WHALES AND THEIR COLORATION.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

TODAY I want to talk of whales, and more especially of the coloration of whales, for this presents some quite inexplicable peculiarities. Long ago these creatures exchanged the coat of hair, which is one of the leading characteristics of the mammal,

For a cetacean it is unusually brilliantly coloured. But the white-sided dolphin runs it rather closely. These two species, by the way, though natives of our seas, are by no means common.

The rare Commerson's dolphin is surely the most strikingly coloured of all the cetacea. This animal was first observed by Commerson in 1804, near Tierra del Fuego and in the Straits of Magellan, during Bougainville's voyage round the world. He seems first to have seen it during the southern summer, playing round the vessel, and described it as being one of the most beautiful inhabitants of the sea. He and his companions gave it the name of "Le Jacobite," obviously in allusion to the remarkable coloration. This, as may be seen in the lower illustration, is practically white, but with the head and fore-part of the back, the dorsal fin, and tail jet black. On the under-side of the head the black hue extends backwards to embrace the paddles, between and behind

midway between the dorsal fin and the tail. These patches vary in size in different individuals. By way of contrast, we have the pilot-whale, or black-fish, the sperm-whale, and the bottle-nosed whale, which are wholly black, or dark-slate-coloured.

The rare Cuvier's whale, a near relation of the bottle-nosed whale, shows a tendency to become white with advancing age, the forecast of the trend of evolution towards final whiteness. In this animal the head and fore-part of the back are white. Years ago I had the good fortune to see two of this species swimming off the Saltees, Co. Wexford. They showed so conspicuously white that, at first, I thought they were belugas—the only wholly white whale in existence.

And now a word as to the baleen, or whale-bone whales. The rorquals may be described as black above and white below. But the lesser rorqual has a broad white band across the middle of the paddle; while the huge "sulphur-bottom" has the sides tinged with sulphur yellow. But this colour, be it noted, is not due to pigment, but to the presence of bacteria. The strange humpback whale is very variable in coloration, the under-parts, and the enormous paddle, being sometimes almost wholly white, sometimes predominantly black, with patches of white.

The right-whale may be described as wholly black, save in the nearly extinct Greenland whale, which has a considerable amount of white on the lower jaw, and a patch of white at the root of the tail; while a few white mottlings may appear on the paddle of the Biscay right-whale.

Though this is by no means an exhaustive review of the coloration of whales, enough has been said to show that the theme is an interesting one. But what significance are we to place upon the facts so far gleaned? There is no evidence available, at present, which will enable us to say whether a greater or less amount of white confers any benefit in the way of protective coloration. The killer is probably the most formidable enemy which the cetacea have to face, and it would not appear that escape from attack is in any way assisted by these variations in the relative proportions of black and white. These, in short, are probably not "factors in the struggle for existence"; nor are they of any great value to the systematist. Precisely *what* purpose they serve is a matter for further investigation, and there are many difficulties in the path of the would-be investigator! It is worth noting, however, that there are no cetaceans which are vertically striped, as are so many land ani-



WITH BLACK PREDOMINATING OVER WHITE: AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF DOLPHIN AS YET ONLY SEEN IN THE LIVING STATE BY MEMBERS OF THE SCOTT ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1901-4 (UPPER FIGURE, SIDE VIEW; LOWER FIGURE, TOP VIEW).

Drawing and Photographs Supplied by W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S.

for a thick layer of blubber, evidently because it best kept out the cold. The formation of this blubber, by the way, seems to absorb the whole of the creature's fat-producing energy, for not a morsel of fat is found in, or on, any other part of the body. In cutting through the flesh one meets with no "streak of fat and streak of lean"; neither is any found within the body cavity, ensheathing the kidneys and intestines, as in other animals. But this by the way.

To return, for a moment, to the matter of the hairlessness of whales. It is not exactly true to say that all species are absolutely hairless, since in some a few hairs are to be found in the unborn young; while in others they will be found in the adult. But in all such cases they are limited to the tip of the jaw. As many as 26 have been counted, for example, in a specimen of Rudolphi's rorqual. But they are only to be discovered after careful search.

The coloration of whales, then, is due entirely to the coloration of the skin, which is of extreme smoothness, so as to reduce friction while swimming to the smallest possible limit. It is true there are some land-mammals, like the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, which are almost hairless; but in each case there are hairs enough, especially on parts of the body, to affect appreciably the general scheme of coloration, though at first sight this may not appear to be the case.

The American naturalist Thayer long ago pointed out that in land-animals the upper parts are, as a rule, darker than the under parts, and he was the first to point out a "meaning" in this. It afforded what he called an "obliterative" coloration. The strong light from above cancels out the darker upper parts, while the white under-side cancels the shadow which must, of necessity, exist where the light is falling from above. Hence, at a little distance, the solid body is made almost, or quite, invisible. Most fishes are coloured after this fashion. The dark upper surface lighted from above concealed it from enemies above, while those below, looking up to the light, see nothing of the counter-shaded under-surface. This type of coloration is frequently met with in the smaller porpoises and dolphins. Take that of the common porpoise for example.

The so-called "common" dolphin is very different in this regard, the back being black and the under-parts white; but the sides are marked by patches and streaks of dull golden yellow and black, which are too complex and too variable to be described with accuracy.

which it terminates in the form of an elongated triangle. But the throat is marked by a large oval patch of glistening white. Finally, there is a large oval patch of jet black in the middle of the abdomen.

The late Dr. Wilson, who perished with his chief, Captain Scott, in that ill-fated voyage to the Antarctic in 1913, described, in his official account of his previous voyage to the same region, an unknown species which, some day, may find its way to the British Museum. This was entirely black, save for two large white areas on the side of the body. One of these partly surrounded the eye, extended backwards as far as the level of the base of the dorsal fin, and ended in a point. The other started in a point just behind this, and, rapidly broadening, swept back to the very base of the tail-fin, meeting its fellow of the opposite side. Seen from above, these white areas form a pattern, recalling that of the under-surface of Commerson's dolphin, save that the black areas are rather more extensive. That ferocious animal of our own seas, the killer whale, is black with a patch of white above the eye, another behind the dorsal fin, and another, formed by the upward extension of the white under-surface,



"THE MOST STRIKINGLY COLOURED OF ALL THE CETACEA" AND "ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL INHABITANTS OF THE SEA": THE RARE COMMERSON'S DOLPHIN FROM THE FALKLAND ISLANDS—(ABOVE) SIDE-VIEW, SHOWING THE WHITE BODY WITH JET-BLACK HEAD, DORSAL FIN, AND TAIL; (BELOW) VENTRAL VIEW, SHOWING THE BLACK OVAL PATCH ON THE ABDOMEN AND WHITE OVAL PATCH ON THE THROAT.

mals. Mottlings occur only in the case of the Narwhal. The coloration is limited, in short, to washes of black, brownish-black, grey-white, and yellow. Patterns occur only in the form of longitudinal stripes.

POCAHONTAS: AN INCREASING MYSTERY.

By EDWARD PAGE GASTON, F.R.G.S.

FROM across the misty Thames a raw wind eddied among the ancient tombs when our party assembled at 6 a.m. on May 30 in St. George's churchyard, Gravesend, to inaugurate the search which might solve a mystery of three centuries' duration.

Along with many of my fellow-Americans, I have long been puzzled about the resting-place of Pocahontas (or Matoaka, her true Indian name). That our American Princess should sleep for centuries in this distant land in an unknown grave was not a comforting reflection, to say the least. Accordingly, when at Gravesend last October, I had a number of conversations with the Rev. Canon Gedge, B.A., the Rector of Gravesend and Canon of Rochester, as with others; and a considerable amount of old data was looked up in the effort to secure some fresh impressions concerning this ancient mystery.

From extensive experience in exhuming human remains from among the prehistoric buried cities and

During the next twelve hours of work, scores of pailfuls of the contents of the grave (whose excavated depth was twelve feet) were hoisted to the surface and

English-Speaking Union. These were Messrs. Philip Franklin, F.R.C.S., and James Van Allen Shields. Messrs. Evelyn Wrench and Alfred E. Johns, of the Union, also rendered valuable advisory assistance. Mr. T. Colyer Fergusson, M.A., the Gravesend archæologist (who had recorded each tomb in the churchyard), and Mr. G. J. Howell, of the Museum Galleries, London, also rendered special services.

Long-standing tradition would seem to be refuted by our researches. It had been generally believed that the charred remains from the eighteenth-century fire would be found in the tomb which we were officially authorised to unseal by special license from the Home Office, but no signs of such incineration were encountered. Thus, instead of solving the Pocahontian legend, the outcome of our efforts at identification has simply increased the original mystery.

We are, therefore, thrown back upon the other theory that Pocahontas still lies among the débris of

maney 1616
21 Rebecca Wrolfe, Wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginia Lady borne, was buried in ye Chauncell.

AS RECORDED IN THE CHURCH WHERE HER GRAVE HAS BEEN SOUGHT: A FACSIMILE OF THE ENTRY OF THE BURIAL OF POCAHONTAS IN THE PARISH REGISTER OF ST. GEORGE'S, GRAVESEND, ON MARCH 21, 1616.

The record (as shown in the above illustration) reads: "21 March 1616. Rebecca Wrolfe, Wyffe of Thomas Wrolfe, gent., a Virginia Lady borne, was buried in ye Chauncell." Her husband was known in Virginia as John Rolfe. The "Thomas" may be a clerical error.

From "Ye True Narrative of ye Princess Pocahontas," by Charles ap Thomas (Smither Bros., Gravesend).

carefully inspected. Slowly the tally of these broken remnants of humanity grew, until at the end of the second day of operations it was determined that more than one hundred men, women, and young persons were thus represented in this single grave.

One skull which was found approximated to the American-Indian type, but from the special study which was made on the spot it would seem improbable that this would be the clue sought for.

To correct a misapprehension which seems to have arisen in some quarters, it may be stated that no coffined remains were disturbed at any time, and hence no possible charge of meddling with burials could reasonably be brought against the distinguished scientists and others concerned in the research.

Three hundred-odd years ago the regal Pocahontas of Virginia had ended her heroic life among the simple fisher-folk and other water-farers living at Gravesend. The old vellum parish register indicates that she was buried "in ye Chauncell" of St. George's Church on March 21, 1616 (old style), or 1617 according to the present calendar. A little more than a century later the whereabouts of her remains had passed out of human knowledge. The mediæval church was burned in 1727; the fire was supposed to have penetrated the vaults wherein she lay; a quantity of charred bones found in the ancient crypts was alleged to have been thence removed to a common grave in the churchyard when the present place of worship was erected on the general site of the earlier building; and it is a matter of record in the church register that certain remains (supposed to include those of Pocahontas) had been removed about thirty years ago to another disused tomb.

It was that grave which was opened last week in the presence, among others, of Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Mr. W. P. Pycraft, of the Zoological Department of the British Museum—perhaps the foremost experts on physical ethnology in Britain. They had generously placed their wide experience at the command of the organiser. Authority had been received from the Home Office for this search to be made, conditional on the exhumation taking place in the presence of representatives of the



THE MAN WHOM POCAHONTAS SAVED FROM BEING SLAIN BY HER COUNTRYMEN: CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, LEADER OF THE JAMESTOWN SETTLERS.

Captain John Smith was captured by the Indian tribe whose chief was the father of Pocahontas, and would have been clubbed to death had she not placed her head over his on the block.

From an Old Print. Photograph supplied by Topical.

cliff-dwellings of America, and after investigations in other countries, my belief is that the high cheek-bones, the formation of the jaw, the cellular structure of the hair (if any still remains), and the other racial characteristics of the American-Indian would make identification of the remains of Pocahontas possible on the part of experienced osteologists.

At the appointed time the grave-diggers of Gravesend accordingly prized up a flat stone, and we looked into the depths of a sepulchre where a Princess might be resting. An arresting sight met our eyes. The deep, disused grave into which we peered seemed to be merely an accumulation of rubbish which had been thrown in during many years.

Protruding from the mass was the end of an old leaden coffin of the sort used centuries ago. It had been pitched in end first among the other débris of a kind which some people find it convenient to throw over the wall into a disused churchyard, and which sextons of the olden time disposed of in the most careless and convenient manner possible, as compared with the scrupulous respect paid to the dead nowadays in consecrated ground. When the débris had been removed, we came upon an indiscriminate mass of old human remains mixed with earth, fragments of decayed coffin wood, coffin handles, and even the bones of domestic animals.



IN HIGH JACOBAN HAT AND LACE RUFF: PRINCESS POCAHONTAS IN ENGLAND, AGED ABOUT 22, IN THE LAST YEAR OF HER LIFE.

The native name of Princess Pocahontas was Matoaka. She was baptized Rebecca when she became a Christian before her marriage in 1613.

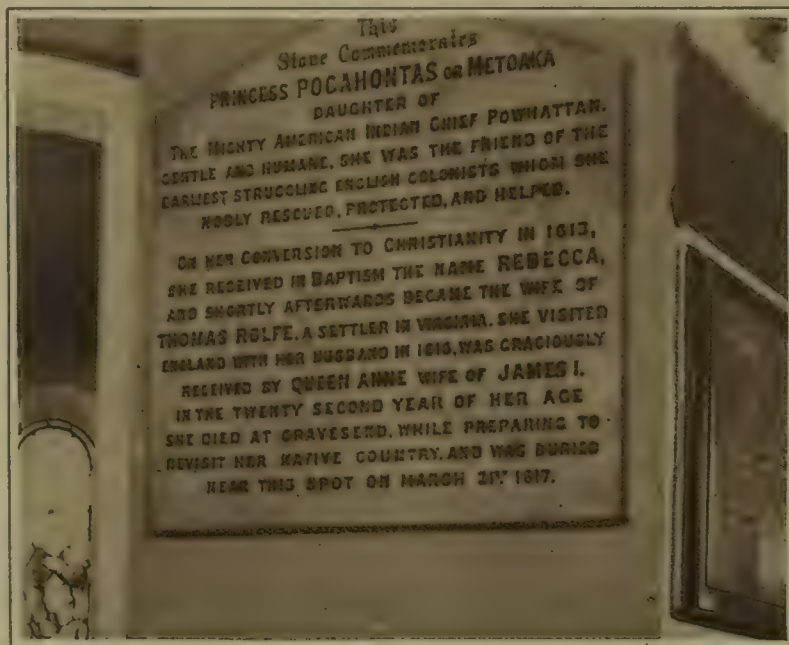
From an Engraving, by Simon de Passe, of a Portrait painted from Life by an Italian Artist in London. Photograph supplied by Topical.

the early church, somewhere under the floor of the present and, presumably, much larger structure.

Appropriately enough, the scene in the quiet Kentish churchyard was enacted in the early hours of the American Memorial Day, set apart in honour of those who have died in their country's cause. While Pocahontas did not die directly for her native America, the parallel is sufficiently close to have made the occasion and the event singularly apposite in memory of one who not alone risked her life in saving that of Captain John Smith, but who afterwards saved the first struggling English colony in the New World from ignominious extinction. Throughout, Pocahontas was the firm friend of the weak British cause, and finally died in England while actively furthering the spirit of Anglo-American friendship, of which she was the most notable exponent of her day.

Pocahontas was received at Court in London, and went out with Queen Anne (wife of James I.) on at least one occasion. As she was the first notable American convert to Christianity, the Bishop of London held a banquet in her honour, attended by many notables. Both in religious and secular circles, "La Belle Sauvage" was the most popular toast of the hour, and London dandies of the day enclosed her engraved portrait in their letters abroad.

[Continued on page 1074.]



INSIDE THE CHURCH IN WHOSE GRAVEYARD EXHUMATIONS HAVE JUST BEEN MADE TO DISCOVER HER BURIAL-PLACE: THE TABLET TO POCAHONTAS IN ST. GEORGE'S, GRAVESEND.—[Photograph by Topical.]

SEEKING POCAHONTAS' GRAVE: A HEROINE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN HISTORY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



A PILGRIMAGE TO HONOUR THE FAMOUS AMERICAN-INDIAN PRINCESS WHO SAVED THE EARLY VIRGINIAN SETTLERS: SEARCHERS AT WORK AND EMINENT SCIENTISTS SEEKING TO IDENTIFY HER SKULL IN A GRAVESEND CHURCHYARD.

Search was recently made in the churchyard of St. George's, Gravesend, for the tomb of Pocahontas, the famous young American-Indian Princess who saved the life of Captain John Smith, and generally befriended the early English settlers in Virginia some 300 years ago. The purpose and results of the investigation are explained opposite by Mr. Edward Page Gaston, the distinguished American archæologist, who originated it. So far from being a sacrilegious disturbance of the dead, the work was conceived and carried out in a spirit of reverence and patriotic piety, with the full sanction of the Church authorities and the Home

Office, and in concert with the English-Speaking Union. The object was to discover, and do belated honour to, the remains of a woman who was one of the first heroines of Anglo-American history. Moreover, the reverent re-burial of the numerous human bones found mixed up with refuse and dead animals atoned for what seems to have been indeed an act of sacrilege in former days. The names of Sir Arthur Keith and Mr. W. P. Pycraft (both familiar to our readers), who examined the skulls found, guarantee that the scientific side of the work was above suspicion.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



THE WORLD

OF WOMEN



It was at Harrods', Knightsbridge, that these attractive jumpers were sketched. Jade-green georgette makes the one on the right, while the other is of crêpe marocain decorated with tiny beadwork. (See page 1008.)

attired, but their other halves were normal in dress. The occasion was an interesting one, despite the vile weather without.

Their Majesties' Courts were, of course, the chief events of last week from a social point of view. The Duchess of York was prevented by a mild attack of whooping-cough from being present at the second, as it was her intention to be. Her Royal Highness would not have sat at the Queen's right side, as I saw stated in print. The King and Queen sit alone, the royal circle sits behind them. When the Duchess of York makes her first appearance at Court, her Royal Highness will have a prominent position therein. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, was present, and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin was presented; while she, in turn, presented her married daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, wife of Captain the Hon. Arthur Howard, second son of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal. Mrs. Post Wheeler, who is a great favourite here, had many ladies from the States to present. The Courts being held on two succeeding evenings made some last moment changes, but not many.

Unusually few wedding-bells have rung during May. Now that June is in, they are clanging out more cheerily. Those who keep closest watch upon such events say that marriages are not nearly so numerous as they were. Probably the marry-in-haste and divorce-at-leisure consequences of the war are giving people pause. The principal matrimonial event of the month will be the wedding of Lady Mary Cambridge to the Marquess of Worcester on the 14th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride being the Queen's niece, and a favourite one at that, and the bridegroom heir to one of our old Dukedoms and a friend of the Prince of Wales, gives *éclat* to the event, and will crowd that ancient and beautiful old grey church which sits like a little sister under the protection of the noble Abbey. Lady Mary is not only good to look at, but is good. She is not all the time thinking of her own amusement and how to get the best of things, so much the policy of to-day's girlhood, nice though it is at bedrock. She has never been rich, and she has in all ways tried to be a help to her mother, just as necessary in her position as in humbler ones; to be a pal to her brothers; and to do as much as ever she can for others. Lord Worcester is therefore

a really fortunate man. Then they are both devoted to horses, hounds, and hunting, and will have plenty of opportunity for enjoying these tastes together. The wedding promises to be a very pretty one. The four up-grown bridesmaids are pretty girls—Lady Diana Somerset, the bridegroom's unmarried sister; Lady May Cambridge, cousin of the bride; Miss Harford, cousin of Lord Worcester; and Lady Kathleen Crichton, a débutante of this season, sister of the young Earl of Erne, who is one of the King's Pages of Honour. The two wee girls are, I am told, "sweetlings." They are Lady Rosemary Eliot, the bride's niece, in her fourth year; and Miss Constance Stanley, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Algernon and Lady Mary Stanley, also in her fourth year.

The Earl of Westmorland's engagement to the Hon. Mrs. Capel was a short one. Apparently the bride embraced the religious faith of her sister, Lady Lovat,



A check tweed suit and an Inverness cape from Kenneth Durward's. (See page 1008.)

since the wedding was arranged for this week at the Oratory, Brompton. Lord Lovat is head of the Fraser clan, whose members are of the Roman Catholic faith, and have been ever since the Stuarts reigned. The bride—as I write—elect is a rich woman, and is also a very attractive one. She loves hunting and horses, and country sports and games—tastes which she shares with Lord Westmorland. They will be a handsome couple, and are both greatly liked. Lady Millicent Hawes has arrived in town for her nephew's wedding. She became a Roman Catholic some years ago.

For the annual matinée which Lady Alington and her committee are organising in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society, to be held on June 12, at the Winter Garden Theatre, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra, Lady George Cholmondeley is arranging a ballet in which she herself and a number of other well-known society people are taking part. Among members of "the profession" who are giving their services are Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Evelyn Laye, Miss Beatrice Lillie, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Jack Buchanan, and Mr. Billy Leonard. The programme sellers are being selected by Lady Newnes.

A. E. L.

I NEVER had much of an opinion of the Clerk of the Weather, but a more Puck-like trick than crowning the opening day of the Chelsea Flower Show I have seldom seen performed. It did not keep the King and Queen away, and it did not keep the people away, but it crammed them up into the two giant marquees until the mass of damp humanity—especially, I may say, the male part of it—lost patience even to look at the lovely things they came out to see. When I saw Mrs. Asquith advancing through a sea of mud, with silk-clad slim ankles and slippers of the order we used to call "high-lows," I thought what a brave soul was she. The rest of her dainty person was well protected by a long coat of pearly-grey broadtail, the collar and cuffs of Persian lamb the same shade, while her black satin hat fitted almost closely, and so was quite comfortable under an umbrella. Tweed coats and skirts were the order of the day. The Queen was in a long navy-blue coat embroidered about halfway down in cut steel, and having a collar of crushed satin. A small navy-blue hat was worn, and her Majesty, with the King, and under the protection of our chief treasures of the British Isles—good "brollies"—went out and made a leisurely inspection of the rock gardens. The Duke of Connaught spent a long time in the Show, looking as well turned out, dapper, and erect as ever. With him were Lady Hanbury—tall and distinguished-looking, in a good stout coat of grey cloth with a nutria collar, and wearing a black hat—and Sir George Holford, handsome and soldierly-looking as ever. The Crown Prince of Sweden was on business bent, and gave many orders. He shared with the late Crown Princess a genuine and great love of the garden. Later in the day, the King and Queen visited the People's Palace and East London College, Stepney. No day seems to pass that the King and Queen are not working together, or separately, among their people. History will hand them down as greatly good, but what matters more is that the hearts of their people in the present hail them as loving and beloved.

The private view of another exhibition of caricatures by Max Beerbohm would have filled far larger galleries than the Leicester. Those who braved one of the worst days that our climate can perpetrate had to wait their turn to see the pictures. They are not such as can be seen from afar. The Crown Prince of Sweden, tall and almost unrecognised, went round with the Swedish Minister, and seemed to know English life well enough to be amused by some of the caricatures. Comments of many kinds were made about those of the late King Edward, and few were favourable. The Duchess of Westminster looked in for a while, and Lady Maud Warrender's height made her conspicuous. It is no use saying more about dress than that it was tempered to the cold and rain. Miss Rebecca West, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Mr. W. L. George represented authorship—all immaculately turned out. Some of the artists of the present and the future schools were fearfully and wonderfully



A well-cut suit of purple velours and shaded embroidery. It was sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series*"Ye Olde Cock," Fleet Street*

Pepys Gives an Entertainment.

IF ghosts were as clearly seen in reality as they are in imagination, what should we say to the shades of Pepys and his friends, to Dr. Johnson, to Goldsmith and to Tennyson, to all those literary lights who have found such inspiration at this fine old Fleet Street tavern?

Much matter for his famous diary was found by Pepys at "The Cock," whither he often resorted with his wife and friends. Our illustration shows one of these "mighty merry" entertainments to which he more than once refers. "At noon comes Mrs. Pierce and her daughter and Knipp (the pretty actress singer), and one Mrs. Foster carried them to the Tower and shewed them all to be seen there . . . Thence by water to the Temple and there to 'The Cock,' and drank and ate a lobster and sang and mighty merry"—*from the Diary, 1668.*

Tennyson, at a later date, waxed specially enthusiastic. "Is there some magic in the place?" he asks in *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*. The very sign of the tavern, said to have been carved by Grinling Gibbons, is the subject of not a few of his most amusing lines.

Doubtless "Ye Olde Cock" was one of the first houses of refreshment in England where the original John Haig was to be obtained. The tavern, as its records show, dates back many years before the Fire of London, just as does the reputation of that fine old Whisky, first made in 1627, and ever since a standing favourite in every meeting place of men of cultivated taste.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
since 1627.



By Appointment

Fashions and Fancies.

Everything for
the Baby.

In almost every household it is the youngest member of the family who rules, and this week his Majesty the Baby reigns supreme on this page. Mme. Barri, 33, New Bond Street, has always specialised in layettes, and she is responsible for the beautiful baby's robe of net and antique Honiton lace, as well



Two charming little twill smocks that hail from Steinmann's, 185, Piccadilly. The one on the right is an imitation of the old-fashioned carters' smocks.

is for the light wicker-basket, which is lined with pale-blue satin; 4½ guineas is the price. Then attention must be drawn to the splendid-collapsible cots which Mme. Barri can supply. They are ideal for travelling. Imitation of antique embroideries and laces is another feature of her work, and the lovely designs are almost cobweb-like in their delicacy, yet they wash beautifully.

Things for
Little People.

Every lover of antique lace and embroidery knows the address of P. Steinmann, 185, Piccadilly, for they, of course, are world-famous as lace specialists. Moreover, the most delightful garments for small boys and girls are to be found in their salons—a fact proved

by the two pretty little smocks sketched on this page. The one on the right is a facsimile of an old-fashioned carter's smock. It is carried out in twill. These little garments range in price from 21s. 6d. each, with knickers to match for 6s. 9d. Little zephyr suits are obtainable from 17s. 9d.; while in twill, tussore, or plain silk they cost from 29s. 3d. All mothers who delight in making their own babies' clothes must send for Steinmann's splendid pattern-book, which contains samples of every imaginable type of lace and embroidery, old and new.

Tailor-Made
Suits.

Perfect cut and finish, and the name of Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, are almost synonymous. The two admirably tailored suits and the cape illustrated on page 1006 hail from there, and they are certainly worthy of the reputation of the firm. Purple velours with shaded embroidery over the hips is the medium chosen for the distinctive suit on the left. The skirt wraps over, and the collar of the coat may be buttoned high up round the throat if the wearer pleases. The other is of rust-brown tweed, with a wide red-and-yellow check design to complete the colour-scheme. The skirt is quite plain, save for the wrap-over panel on the left. A large variety of fine and durable materials is at the disposal of those who require an Inverness cape similar to the one sketched, for it can be made in any tweed.

A Note
on Jumpers.

New and attractive jumpers are a never-failing source of interest, particularly the French jumpers which have found a temporary home at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Tiny Kashmir bead embroidery covers the one sketched on the right at the top of page 1006, which is of crêpe marocain. It can be had in a wide range of colours for 69s. 6d., or the embroidery may be in multi-coloured silk without affecting the price. Almond-green georgette makes the other model, which

is enriched with fancy white embroidery, and costs 79s. 6d.; and another fascinating jumper is of white crêpe romaine and blue crêpe-de-Chine, boasting curious pouched sleeves of unusual fullness. Pretty cotton blouses may be had ranging from 8s. 11d., and there are striped hair-cord muslin blouses obtainable from 11s. 9d.

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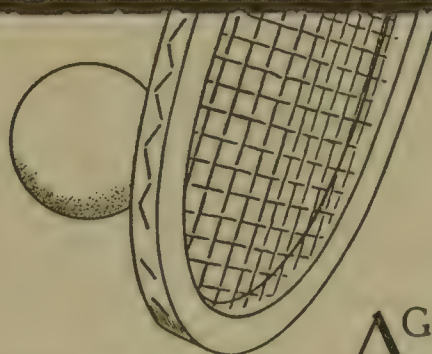
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE REFORM OF LA SCALA.

ITALY is the land of opera, and La Scala at Milan is the most famous of Italian opera-houses. But for many years those who have visited Italy in search of music have come back disappointed. Even Dr. Burney was disappointed, a hundred and fifty years ago, with most of the music he heard in Italy. Italy was living on its reputation then, and it has gone on living on its reputation ever since. Those who wanted to see operas went to Germany. German opera performances had only one drawback, and that was that very few German singers knew how to sing. In Italy there were wonderful singers, but nothing else.

This is a general and hasty account of the situation. To criticise Italian opera in closer detail, the Italian theatres had a certain number of fine singers and a large number of magnificent voices. Their orchestras were miserable; their conductors had not the least notion of keeping them in order. The decorations were at times pretentious, but generally ridiculous. The behaviour of the audience was, to northern ideas, abominable. It was related by travellers that Italian audiences were fastidiously critical. They were not. They were at times cruel, but they never had any understanding of fine interpretation. They admired a powerful voice, a sustained high note, a burst of florid *coloratura*, or an emotional extravagance, just like the stupidest audience which can be found at any English ballad concert. Their claim to critical knowledge was based on the fact that they knew, and showed that they knew, when a singer sang badly out of tune, or when, owing to age or infirmity, he was unable to take an expected high note.

The art of singing decayed in Germany with the increasing popularity of Wagner. Wagner himself

wrote for singers trained on old Italian methods, and undoubtedly desired as high a standard of singing as any Italian composer. Richard Strauss, in spite of all the stories told about him, obviously requires a high standard of real singing—"Ariadne" and "Die Frau ohne Schatten" show this on almost every page. The art of singing decayed in Italy not from the popularity of Wagner, though Wagner is becoming fairly popular

they would appreciate it more quickly than most other people.

During the past winter, a remarkable change has taken place in operatic methods at the Scala. The reason why Italian opera was so ridiculously inartistic was simply the egoism of the singers. Each sang merely for the sake of his own advantage. Neither his colleagues nor the composer mattered to him. That is the reason why Italians, however magnificently they may sing, have no idea of what makes a chorus. Individualism could only be dominated by greater individualism. Milan has found its "strong man" in the shape of Toscanini. With iron determination and ruthless tyranny he has just begun to achieve at La Scala what in most German opera-houses is a matter of course—some idea of ensemble on the part of the singers, a reasonable standard of orchestral playing, an artistic direction of scenery and lighting, a general respect for the conductor, and decent behaviour on the part of the audience. At La Scala these things are marvels indeed.

I saw Boito's "Mefistofele" there last week. It was a performance such as one could have seen nowhere else in Europe, for "Mefistofele" is hardly ever put on the stage outside Italy. It is only recently that it has been accepted in its own country. It is an Italian version of Goethe's "Faust," composed by a man who was a real poet as well as a musician. German theatres are obliged to tolerate Gounod's "Faust" because the public loves it; "Mefistofele" makes no appeal to the gallery, and it is too definitely Italian to be accepted by serious German minds.

It has been performed in England, and I think that if it were given its chance, with a literary translation and an intelligent production, it might appeal to English audiences; for the English mind has links with both Italy and Germany, and could appreciate both points of view. The orchestra at the Scala was certainly

(Continued overleaf.)



A BRITISH TRIBUTE AT THE BURIAL OF ROUMANIA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER: SIR HERBERT DERING LAYING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE.

The burial of the Roumanian Unknown Soldier took place on May 17, in the "Parc Carol" at Bucharest, in the presence of the Royal Family. Sir Herbert Dering, the British Minister, laid a floral tribute on the grave. He was attended by Captain Arthur Bedford, R.N., commanding the British Danube flotilla, and Colonel F. J. Duncan, Military Attaché. A Naval contingent from H.M.S. "Glowworm," under Lieutenant Langstaff, saluted the dead hero.

Photograph by Photo-Royal, Bucharest.

there, but from the popularity of Mascagni. "Cavalleria Rusticana" set the example of hysterical caterwauling; it is, as singers know, one of the most exhausting operas to sing. Hysterical emotionalism is what Italians enjoy on the stage, not artistic singing; though, no doubt, if they ever heard artistic singing,

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arose. It was then Fingal beheld the King."*

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Continued.] magnificent. A German conductor would have kept it more subordinate to the voices. Toscanini, for all his discipline, encourages individuality in the instruments.



AEROPLANE v. MOTOR-CAR: THE FINISH OF A NOVEL RACE ON THE SANDS, AT SKEGNESS.

At the first motor race meeting held on the sands at Skegness, a few days ago, there was a race between an aeroplane, piloted by Mr. Rolleson, and a car driven by Mr. Raymond Mays, of Bourne, Lincolnshire. The aeroplane won by a "short head."

Photograph by Central Press.

They do not blend into a uniform whole, but stand out sharply and do all they can to intensify their individual expression. It is the right way to treat Boito's score. By conventional standards it is wanting in skill. Toscanini seized its possibilities and made it fiercely poignant. On the stage there was obedience to the conductor, but still little sense of real ensemble.

The stage pictures were admirable, the crowds very cleverly rehearsed. There was an enormously powerful chorus, which for the most part sang well in tune—a very rare thing with Italian choruses. But they had no sense of blend. Each voice was trying to make itself heard separately; in the loud passages the tenors were painfully strident. The solo singers were kept well in hand; there could never be any doubt as to whose will directed the variations of tempo. No singer dared hold out a cadence longer than Toscanini permitted. There was accuracy, discipline, obedience; but there was no ensemble. The singers gave way to the conductor, but not to each other. They sang as Toscanini ordered them, but they did not appear to have thought out their parts for themselves. Margherita (Juanita Caracciolo) was a clever actress, with a very dramatic conception of the character; Elena (Amaro Zola) had a magnificent presence, with a fine voice and dignified style; but, generally speaking, there was no sense of broad phrasing, no understanding of the music as music. The Italian singer may take infinite trouble to produce his voice, to obtain desired effects on single notes or words, but he has no interest in long phrases; and the very inadequate diction of almost the whole company showed that they had little or no appreciation of the literary beauty of the words they sang, even though they were singing in their own language.

It is a significant fact that "The Magic Flute," which Toscanini put on with the greatest care last month, was a failure. It had not been given at the Scala for 118 years. In other countries Mozart is at the height of his popularity. Italy has never understood him. "The Magic Flute" is an opera of ensemble, in spite of its difficult solos, and it belongs to a world where hysterical emotion is unknown.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Book-lovers will be attracted by the Exhibition of Twentieth Century Printed Books which has just been opened at the galleries of the Medici Society, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, and is to remain open till June 30. Unlike previous exhibitions of artistic printing, this one is designed to show books of a high standard of craftsmanship produced in the ordinary way of commerce,

rather than the work of private presses whose methods—however beautiful the result—are unsuited to the practical needs of business. The influence of private presses has, however, affected commercial book-production, and caused a renaissance of taste, of which the exhibition affords very interesting evidence.

The phenomenal growth of the home oil industry in Great Britain has been strikingly attested by the Customs House figures of imports of petroleum and its products into the United Kingdom for the week of May 7. During this period, of a total of 38,722,583 gallons of crude oil and its products (a new high record), no less than six full cargoes of crude petroleum, aggregating 15,039,050 gallons, were delivered from Persia to the National Oil Refineries at Llandarcy for refining into "B.P." motor spirit, lamp-oil, etc. These figures give an indication of the very extensive industry built up in Great Britain by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company; and additions now under



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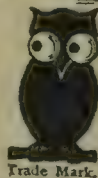
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"POCAHONTAS."—(Continued from page 1004.)

Historians have cast doubt upon the authenticity of the narrative of Captain Smith (head of the Jamestown Colony and Admiral of New England) in which he related how the beautiful Virginian Princess dramatically saved his life in 1608, when her father Powhatan, the powerful Indian Sachem, was about



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Miss Constance du Cros, of 41, Park Street, Mayfair, is the daughter of Mr. George du Cros, of Dunlop fame. She is twenty years of age.

to have that then captive adventurer clubbed to death. It has been asked why the notably voracious Smith should have delayed in telling this stirring story until he recounted the adventure in his letter to the Consort of James I, when in 1616 he recommended the Princess to her royal favour, on the arrival of Pocahontas in England. Recent historical authority however, points in explanation to the London editor's preface to Captain Smith's "True Relation," in which

it is stated that "somewhat more was by him written, which being (as I thought) more fit to be private, I would not adventure to make it public."

It now seems probable that the portion thus omitted was none other than the account of the heroism of Pocahontas, to which Captain Smith gave publicity years later; and the editor might have thought it important that intending settlers on the Virginia Plantations should not be frightened away by the dangers suggested in the story.

It is asserted that Pocahontas died in reality of a broken heart, after finding on her arrival in London that her idol, Captain Smith, was alive, instead of being dead as she had been led to believe, it is alleged, when she gave her heart to another (John Rolfe) at the marriage altar in Virginia. Contemporary narratives agree that she turned away her head and would not speak for hours after again meeting Captain Smith; and that, finally, as she could not call him by any more endearing term, she asked if she might call him "father," to which he tenderly assented.

"The romantic story of this North American Indian Princess is too well known to make any extended repetition of it necessary," said the late Dr. Hines Page, when, as American Ambassador to Great Britain, he unveiled the memorial windows in the Gravesend Church on behalf of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia in July 1914. "There is, so far as I know," he continued, "no parallel to it in American annals, and it is a story so human and kindly and beautiful that it has taken its place among the immortal episodes of history. It has, of course, become a subject of dispute by historians, but all its romantic details, whether literally true or not, have been so thoroughly accepted by the public, that the doubts of historians have a poor chance against the world's love of romance. It has become the subject of novels. It has been treated by painters. It is told to every generation of children, and its place in the school histories of the United States makes it invincible and immortal. Her human and kindly personality stands out in our sombre Colonial history."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life." The words of the stately Anglican Burial Service sounded the promise of immortality as the surpliced Rector led our little group at the close of our search to the now ordered tomb, wherein had been reverently replaced the fragments of the dead which had been examined. If nothing else was accomplished by the scientific investigation, the worthy people of Gravesend may have the satisfaction of knowing that, by the discerning action of their broad-minded Rector, in granting the research facilities, the long-standing reproach incidental

to this neglected tomb has now been removed, and that the bones of their sacred dead have been reverently re-interred with proper religious ceremony.

The Illustrated London News and the Press generally have contained long accounts of late regarding the tombs of the Kings at Luxor, and the unravelling of those mysteries of the ages by the banks of the Nile. One still holds the hope that some day it may be possible to solve that other intriguing mystery surrounding the still undiscovered place of repose of the Virginian Princess by the banks of the Thames; and that, if ever recovered, her remains may be enshrined by official consent in an imposing mausoleum in her native Virginia, as a belated tribute to one who risked her life in forging the first link in the ever-strengthening bonds of Anglo-American goodwill.



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AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

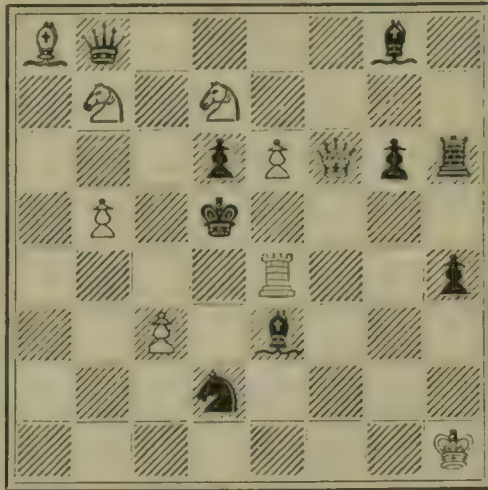
THAT Mr. Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell" is more of a piece of literature than an effort in drama may be said truly, and yet need not be said in the way of condemnation. Oliver Cromwell was a champion of freedom, but the irony of events forced him to establish a tyranny as crushing as that of the Stuarts. Mr. Drinkwater presents us with the Puritan view of Oliver, but the darker colours in history's portrait are washed out. He shows us the country squire stung into action and forced into a great rôle. He pictures him as the devoted son of a highly cultured mother. He gives us the psalm-reading and hymn-singing, hot speeches in Parliament and colloquies in camp. He confronts an all too hypocritical and dissembling Charles with a Cromwell desperately anxious to make terms. But we see nothing of the man of iron who ground Ireland under-foot; we see nothing of that subtle sophistry which made Oliver thrust on to God the responsibility for the gradual hardening of his own will; we miss what was grim and repellent in his masterfulness. So what the poet reveals to us is but a part and not the whole of Cromwell, and the general result is rather drab, as well as a one-sided picture of the times, because no account is taken at all of the joyous, loyal, dare-devil spirit of the Cavalier. The English temperament was divided into two halves in that day, and we should be given a view of both if we are to see even Cromwell aright. Cromwell, idealised in this fashion by Mr. Drinkwater, becomes a *bravura* part, and Mr. Ainley brings to it the right sort of *bravura* acting, though a little too easy-going in his rhetoric at times. He has excellent support from Mr. Milton Rosmer and Mr. Harcourt Williams as Ireton and Hampden, and from Mr. Hayden Coffin as a peasant who sings; but the outstanding performance is that of Miss Irene Rooke as the hero's aged mother who is more interested in poetry than in politics; hers is a beautiful study of old age in its sweetest and gentlest aspect.

"THE OUTSIDER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Miss Dorothy Brandon's "Outsider" is a live play on a live subject, that subject being the quarrel between orthodox and unorthodox surgery, and the conflict being made dramatically piquant by a bone-setter trying to cure a Harley Street specialist's crippled daughter. The playwright seeks to keep the balance even between her two kinds of healers by showing her

"outsider" flamboyant as to dress and manners, and only too eager to snatch advertisement, though she credits him with native genius. So fair indeed is Miss Brandon—something of a cripple herself once—so anxious is she to press her point that there should be a pooling of medical knowledge in humanity's interests, that she does not let her "outsider" effect more than half a cure on his passionate little patient. Naturally there is scoffing on the part of the medical onlookers, but the girl's father is made to see more deeply and to realise that the bone-setter has healed her so far that his orthodox methods can now do the rest. The virtue of the play is its note of earnestness; it is written from the heart—a page taken from the author's own experience. And it is delightfully acted, Miss Elsom, as heroine, showing an emotional sensitiveness she has never hitherto revealed; Mr. Dawson Milward, Mr. Lyall Swete, and others neatly hitting off Harley Street types; and Mr. Leslie Faber, with his gift of character-building, making the bone-setter a pleasantly bizarre, warm-coloured, and masterful personality.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3907.—By W. FINLAYSON.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3905.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.
WHITE
1. P to K 3rd
2. Mates accordingly.
BLACK
Any move

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S HOMER (Kensington).—In your problem with key move Q to Kt sq. how do you get over 1. — P to Q 8th (a Kt, ch); 2. K moves, P to K 8th (a Q, ch); or K takes P, Kt to R 5th (ch), etc? The other three-mover embodies a hackneyed theme in a rather commonplace fashion. We shall be glad to see further examples of your work.

W B SACRET (East Cowes).—We will consider your problem, but you are asking us to depart from a long-established precedent. Pre-war customs, however, have no stability in these days.

A PEREIRA DA SILVA (Seville).—Thanks for your problem, which shall receive our careful consideration. We are sorry we know no one at present who would wish to play a game with you by correspondence, but when we do we will let you know.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from S HOMER (Kensington), R B N (Tewkesbury) and O Newbold (Salisbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3899 and 3900 received from C Okey (Auckland, N.Z.); of No. 3903 from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver, B.C.); of No. 3904 from Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore); of No. 3905 from E M Vickers (Norfolk), P W Hunt (Bridgewater), F J Fallwell (Caterham), D E Noré (Göteborg), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), James M K Lupton (Richmond) and Rev. J Christie.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3906 received from R P Nicholson (Cravke), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), W C D Smith (Northampton), A Edmeston (Worsley), James M K Lupton (Richmond), L W Caterata (Newark), S HOMER (Kensington), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), F J Fallwell (Caterham), C H Watson (Masham), H W Satow (Bangor), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), A B Duthie (Greenock), P W Hunt (Bridgewater), Rev. J Christie (Heathfield), E G B Harlow (Bournemouth), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J J Duckworth (Newtown-le-Willows), George Sale (Bournemouth), Joseph Wilcock (Southampton) and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. GOODING and E. G. SERGEANT.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	17. Q R to Kt sq	Kt takes P (ch)
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	A dangerous attack is obtained by this sacrifice, but it is met with a cool and skilful defence that eventually prevails, but not without some critical moments.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P takes Kt	Q to R 5th
4. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th	19. Kt to B 4th	B takes Kt
5. B to Q 2nd	Castles	20. P takes B	R to B 3rd
6. Kt to R 3rd		21. R to B 2nd	Q to R 6th
The object of this is not apparent. It is scarcely necessary yet for defence, and for attack, K B 3rd seems the proper square.		22. B to K B sq	R to Kt 3rd (ch)
7. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	23. R to Kt 2nd	Q takes P
8. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	24. P to B 6th	P takes P
9. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	25. R takes R	P takes R
10. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q 3rd	26. B to Kt 2nd	Q takes R P
11. Castles	P to R 4th	Although Black has for the moment secured an equivalent in Pawns for his surrendered piece, his position is hopeless.	
12. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd	27. Kt to B 5th	B to B sq
13. Kt to R 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	28. P takes P	B to R 3rd
14. Q to B 2nd	Kt to R 5th	29. Kt takes P	B to Q 6th
The beginning of a clever combination, which only just fails in being successful.		30. Q to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q
15. P to B 5th	P takes P	31. R takes Q	B to B 5th
16. P takes P		32. Kt takes P	R to Q sq
This, and the next move, in the long run practically save the game for White.		33. R to B 3rd	Resigns.
16.	B to K 4th	A very well-played game on both sides.	

The Carlsbad Tournament ended in a triple tie for first position, Alechin, Bogoljubow and Maroczy each finishing with a score of 11½ out of seventeen rounds. Mr. Yates made an excellent appearance for England with a score of 9½, and was awarded one of the brilliancy prizes; but Sir George Thomas, who was not in good health, played much below his form. The absence of Capablanca was the only regrettable feature of the meeting.

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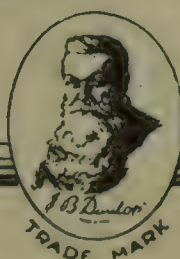
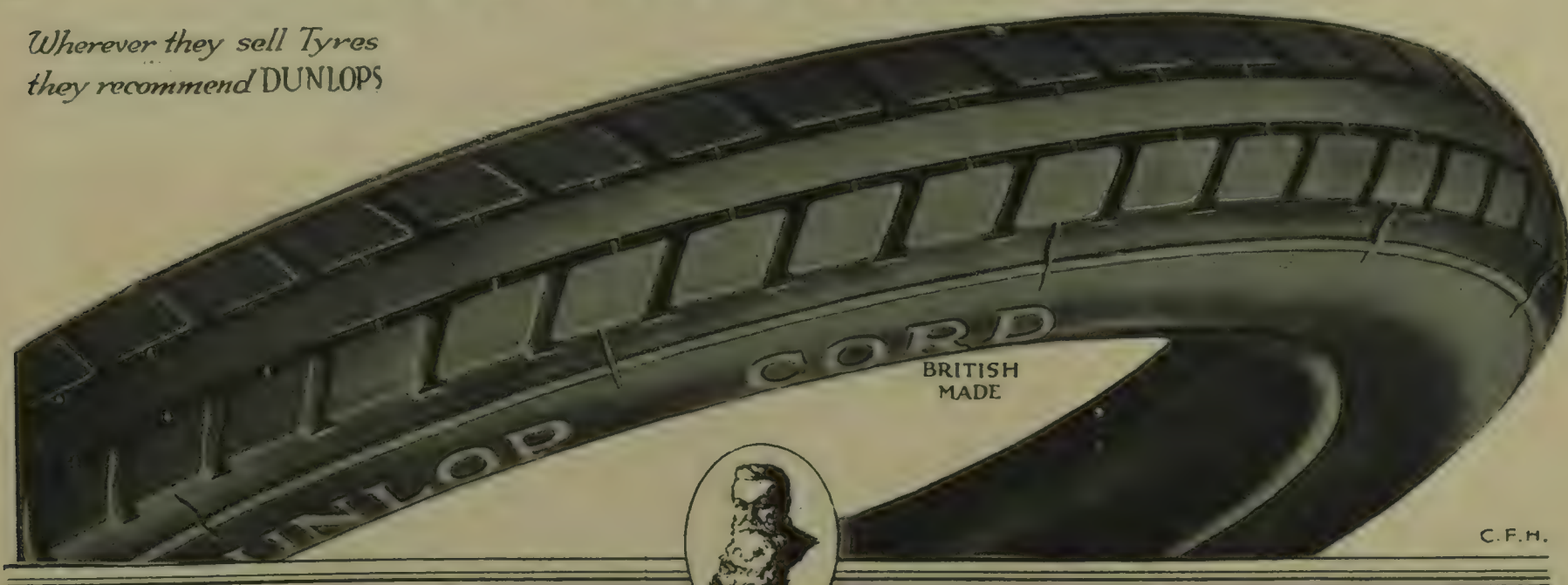
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A Real Triumph.

What, I wonder, would one have been told twenty years ago if one had prophesied that a motor-car would one day run a distance of 25,000 miles under the closest official observation with a single involuntary stop, entailing a delay of no more than 3½ minutes?



A B.S.A. 10-H.P. CAR ON A 5000-MILES TRIAL OFFICIALLY OBSERVED BY THE R.A.C.: THE CAR PASSING ST. JAMES'S PALACE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF ITS DAILY RUN OF 300 MILES.

I imagine that one would have been considered a fit subject for a medical report as to mental condition. Yet this has actually been accomplished, and by a British car—the 19.6-h.p. Crossley, to wit. It is no mean feat. Of course, one knows of cars which have run this distance, and even much more, without, as their owners would put it, any trouble; but these distances have been accomplished by cars in ordinary use and receiving constant attention and constant adjustment. Moreover, the careful owner will quite probably have had certain renewals made of worn or doubtful parts. In such circumstances, there is nothing remarkable in 25,000 miles of real no trouble in motoring, so greatly has the motor-car advanced in reliability. This Crossley performance, however, is one of entirely different plane. Here was an ordinary standard car differing in no respect from

dozens of others in the hands of private owners, handed over to the R.A.C., and impounded by its officials for the purposes of the trial. During the course of the test, everything done to the car was recorded, together with the time occupied; and from the terms of the official certificate issued, one finds that nothing at all was done except the ordinary re-filling operations in respect of petrol and water. One solitary road stop was experienced through a throttle control-rod becoming detached. The record is indeed a wonderful one, for the distance covered represents four or five years' running of the average privately owned car, and I think that Crossleys—and, indeed, the British motoring industry as a whole—deserve all the congratulations fitting to such a performance. It is by far the best of its kind on record in this or any other country, and he will certainly be a very courageous manufacturer who sets out to beat it.

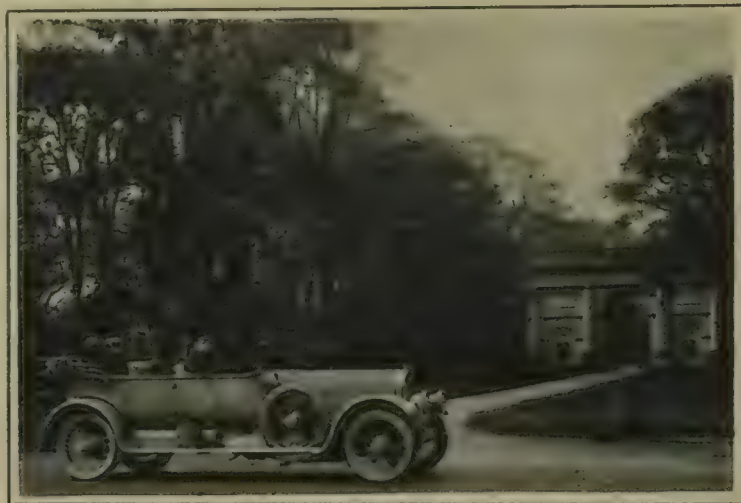
Engine Efficiency.

Where is the development of efficiency of the internal combustion motor going to end? A fortnight ago, the two-

litre Sunbeam car built for the French Grand Prix was down at Brooklands undergoing speed tests. This car, rated at no more than 14 h.p., was timed, unofficially, to cover the flying half-mile at a speed of, approximately, 120 miles an hour. I am told that this little engine has developed a power output of no less than 108 h.p., at a revolution speed in the neighbourhood of 5400 per minute. From France, one gathers that Delage has adopted the twelve-cylinder design for his two-litre racing engine, and that these are developing well over 100 h.p., at the almost unbelievable revolution speed of close upon

6000 per minute. He would be a bold prophet who would venture the prediction that even this is the end. On the figures I have given in the past twelve months alone, these small racing engines have shown an increase in power of about 20 h.p., while the revolution speed has gone up quite 20 per cent. When we remember that small single-cylinder motors have been speeded up to about 10,000 r.p.m., it becomes a matter for speculation whether we shall not before long have multi-cylinder motors capable of revolving at much higher speeds even than are known to-day, and giving a power output which will make the present-time racing engine look comparatively inefficient.

Unquestionably this development will have a marked effect on the touring-car engine of the immediate future. If there is one lesson to be gained from these developments, it is that the designers who pinned their faith to small dimensions and high-revolution speeds, were right, as against those who preferred the large-dimensioned "woolly" engines, which are characteristic of the cheaper American productions. Really, it gives one to wonder if, after



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all, our taxation formula, which has encouraged small dimensions, has not, in fact, been a blessing in disguise.

W. W.



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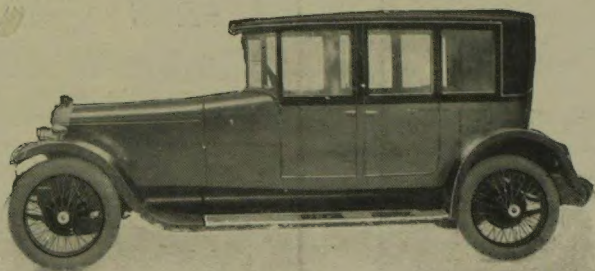
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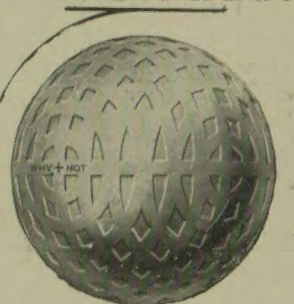
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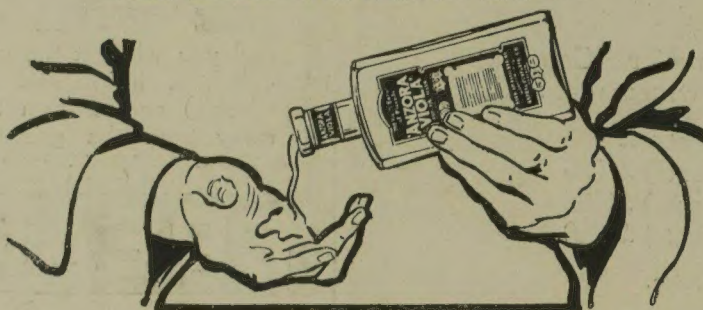
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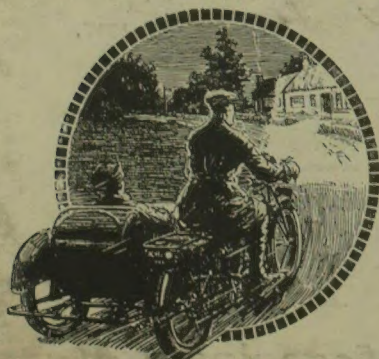
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London: 153 Regent St. W.1

Hindes HAIR TINT



Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct by stating shade required to—

HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.

Meltis

(Regd.)

Orchard Fruits

PRICES REDUCED—Estimates Free.

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CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD.

196, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N. 7

CARPETS SHAMPOOED, CARPETS DYED.

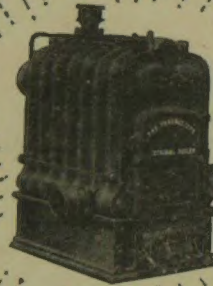
COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

NEWTON, CHAMBERS

(& CO., LTD.),
Thorncliffe Ironworks, Near Sheffield.
Established 1793.

Telegrams: "NEWTON, SHEFFIELD." Telephone 2202, Two Lines.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS
OF HEATING APPARATUS.



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SHEFFIELD: Moorhead.

MORNY

COMPRESSED FACE POWDERS

The Morny Complexion Powders are preferred by elegant women the world over for their exceptional absorbent qualities and fineness of texture. They have been elaborated after prolonged study of the requirements of the modern toilette, and represent the last word in this important item of everyday use.

The following MORNY FACE POWDERS are now available in Compressed Form:

PERFUMED "CHAMINADE," "MYSTÉRIEUSE," or "JUNE ROSES."	
In Gilt Bronze Case, with puff and mirror	3/6
In Card Case, with puff and mirror	2/6
Refill in Card Case, with puff only, for either of the above	2/-

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 REGENT STREET LONDON W.1

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" HAIR-HEALTH GIFT OUTFITS.

THIS COMPLETE FOUR-FOLD "HARLENE" OUTFIT FREE.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. A packet of the Magnificent Scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Beauty Hair-Bath Shampoo.

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine for giving extra Lustre and Radiance to the Hair.
4. Copy of the Illustrated Manual for Practising "Harlene Hair-Drill."

CUT OUT AND POST THE GIFT COUPON BELOW NOW.

GREAT 4-FOLD GIFT FREE.

A GREAT Back-to-Youth Campaign begins to-day. So many people are at present suffering from various forms of hair failure that a Royal Hair Specialist—Mr. Edwards, the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill"—makes the above most generous offer.

"I am determined," he says, "that every man or woman who is really solicitous for the health and beauty of his or her hair shall at least have the opportunity of proving by personal test and at no expense the splendid effect of 'Harlene Hair-Drill.'"

MILLIONS OF GIFTS.

"Already millions of Free Gift 'Harlene' Hair Outfits have been distributed, and the results have been so encouraging that I have now decided to commence this Great Back-to-Youth Campaign to help every man and woman to possess and retain a healthy and beautiful head of hair. Therefore, I have now ready another 1,000,000 to be distributed absolutely free to the first 1,000,000 applicants."

TWO MINUTES A DAY FOR HAIR BEAUTY.

"It is really surprising how few men and women know just how to take care of their hair. This is too often neglected or maltreated. It is because I am convinced of this that I am commencing the present great educational campaign to show these people how easy and simple it is to possess really beautiful and healthy hair. Two minutes a day devoted to 'Harlene Hair-Drill' will accomplish wonders in this direction."

WHAT IS "HARLENE"?

What is this wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill," which may naturally ask, and how does it accomplish such magnificent results? To such questions Mr. Edwards has a very simple and effective reply.

1. "Harlene" itself is neither an oil, a pomade, or a magical elixir, but a true hair food and tonic. It goes to the very roots of the hair, and arouses dormant and deteriorating cells into healthy action once more, so that, quite naturally, it stimulates both the growth and quality of your hair.
2. Its efficacy is further increased by the "Harlene Hair-Drill," which is really a special massage for the scalp, freeing it from growth-preventing impurities and literally "drilling" each individual hair into perfect health and fitness.
3. The dual action of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair-Drill" results in greater nutrition of the hair shaft and root, because the "drill" promotes a more vigorous arterial circulation and a better distribution of the elements necessary for the nourishment of the hair.

REGAIN HAIR HEALTH THIS WAY FREE.

If you have any form of hair trouble or hair disease, from no matter what cause it may arise, do not hesitate

to avail yourself of this offer. Ask yourself these questions, and answer them to yourself:—

1. Do I suffer from Scalp Irritation?
2. Am I going bald?
3. Is my hair straggly and thin?
4. Does my hair come out in the comb or brush?
5. Does it fall out at any time?
6. Do my hairs split?



"Look at my Hair Brush!! The falling and splitting hairs actually show themselves as an S.O.S. How is it you always manage to have such a youthful appearance and cultivate such a wealth of lustrous hair, which really is the envy of all our girl friends?"

"I have only one thing to thank for my long hair growth—it is 'Harlene Hair-Drill'—which I always practise every day for a couple of minutes. If you read the newspapers you will see that everyone who desires beautiful, abundant hair can test the 'Harlene Hair-Drill' Method free of cost."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Just by cutting out the coupon below and posting you will receive everything necessary to commence a scientific method of hair beauty culture which will immediately remedy any hair defect you may be troubled with and commence to grow luxurious, abundant hair. Why should you be worried with scanty, thin, impoverished hair when hair-health is yours for the asking? Just remember that hair-health or ill-health means all the difference to your appearance, that is why it is your duty to yourself to send for your "Harlene" Four-fold Gift.

7. Is my hair too greasy or oily?
8. Is it, on the other hand, too dry?
9. Do I suffer from scurf?
10. Is my hair too wiry or unruly?
11. Is it too soft and straight?

These are eleven important questions which everyone should ask themselves. If you cannot answer them to your complete satisfaction, your hair is out of order. It only requires a short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamp in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

Here is what Mr. Edwards now offers you as a free Trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

1. "HARLENE-FOR-THE-HAIR," acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair. Used daily, it not only feeds the growth of the hair, but "insulates" it against every enemy of the hair, such as greasiness, dryness, splitting, breaking, and falling out—as it "drills" every hair into a shaft of symmetrical beauty and lustrous with the radiance of health.

2. A PACKET OF THE "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER, which has the largest sale in the world, because of the extraordinary way in which it frees the hair and the scalp from all scurf, stale and more or less unpleasantly odorous grease, clamminess, dull and lustreless appearance, transforming every hair into a tendril of exquisite daintiness and cleanliness.

3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which enhances the well-groomed appearance of the hair, whilst supplying a corrective to the "too dry" condition created by indoor life in artificially heated and lighted rooms. "Uzon" gives a final touch of polish and brilliancy.

4. THE BOOK OF THE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" INSTRUCTIONS, which reveals the secrets of this 2-minutes-a-day method of (1) Cultivating and (2) Preserving a glorious head of hair.

Famous actresses, cinema queens, revue artistes, and Society beauties have written most enthusiastic letters to Mr. Edwards thanking him for the great improvement which "Harlene Hair-Drill" has wrought in their appearance by giving them healthy, lustrous, and radiant hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

FREE!



CUT THIS OUT

FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

Illus. Lon. News 9/6/23

This Free Gift "Harlene Hair-Drill" Coupon should be cut out of this paper and forwarded without delay to—

EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED,

20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1

DEAR SIR—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing "Drill" Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER. Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this COUPON to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope (Sample Dept.)

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamps—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE